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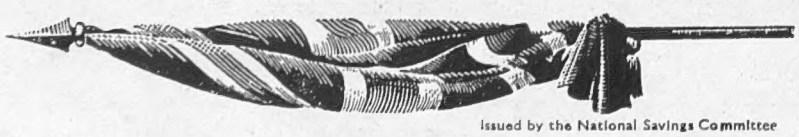
The Salt of the Earth

They came from the North lands,
They came from the South lands,
They came from the mountains,
They came from the fens,
They drilled hard with rifle,
They drilled with their bayonets,
They practised with mortars,
They practised with Stens.

Now they're fighting our battles,
And in spirit we're with them.
They're fighting our battles,
And proving their worth.
They won't *all* get medals
They won't *all* get mention,
But they're *all* British soldiers,
The salt of the earth.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Let us salute him, the man who fights our battles for us. Let us Salute the Soldier by going without just a little more, by giving up just a little more, and by saving even more.



Issued by the National Savings Committee

CVS-380

Volume CLXXVII No. 2309 The SPHERE, London, April 22, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE NATURE OF THE FIGHTING ON THE ARAKAN FRONT IN BURMA: THE CAPTURE OF THE JAPS' "FORTRESS" AREA IN RAZABIL after a coast landing by British, Indian and West African troops on the enemy's flank early in March

British and West African troops made a landing on the Japanese flank in Arakan early in March 1944. The landing was made some 15 miles below Razabil, and was co-ordinated with the general offensive of the Fourteenth Army in Burma. Within twelve hours of the landings, six village "fortresses" occupied by the Japs were captured: after two days' fighting Razabil itself fell to the combined assault of the Fourteenth Army and the freshly landed troops. The "fortress" villages occupied by the Japs in Arakan are a series of scrub-covered hillocks converted by the enemy into a chain of bunker positions and foxholes: they are built on islands of high, dry ground, from which the defenders can command the surrounding swamps, mud-flats and river approaches. In the picture above men of an Indian regiment are seen camping at the foot of one of the Razabil "fortress" positions at Tortoise Hill: in the middle distance is a crater made by one of our bombs, dropped by an Allied dive-bomber during the task of clearing the sector of the Japanese defenders. As a result of the landings the enemy were driven into the Mayu hills and their entrenchments and "fortresses" were taken over by the Allied troops. The landings were made by the British in naval landing craft and by the West Africans in sampans

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 242

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Princess Elizabeth. — The whole Empire is now offering its congratulations to Princess Elizabeth on attaining the age of eighteen. We wish her long life and health, and prosperity and peace in an era more golden than this. It is not, I think, for any of us, however inspired, to invent titles for her, or to discuss her constitutional position or presently appropriate functions. It occurs to me that the Heiress-presumptive to the British Throne has no need of outside advice. She has been very simply and very wisely brought up. For generations the education of Heirs-to-the-Throne has been criticised and deplored, not always without justification. Princess Elizabeth has had, and has benefited from, unique opportunities, in the happiest and most natural and most simple and affectionate of home lives, by example and environment, to acquire a sense of responsibility, a sense of duty, a sense of humour, and a sense of kingship and kinship in and with the great Empire she may one day rule over. She already knows, I believe, as much about the "meaning of the British Constitution" as any of her predecessors since Queen Victoria. What is much more important is that she is by nature of a happy, kindly, simple and utterly unselfish disposition, and already reveals a charm of manner which can never be wholly acquired by training, but is derived essentially from a heart that feels and a sympathy that never flags. The wise direction of her education has, I doubt not, already assured that, whatever the future hold for her, she is well-equipped to make the lives of very many happier and thereby her own life happy.

Odessa — and Britain. — Psychologically, politically, militarily, the swift capture of Odessa is a great event in the history of this war. Small wonder if the Russians are on top of the world and of the Allies. In the south they have practically done their job—their first job—of expelling Nazism from Russian soil. The Germans, the Balkan satellites and the remnants of Nazism in the Crimea may well shudder and wonder. As *we* wonder and admire. Let us face the facts, even unpleasant. In the last two months we British have done great things in the air and on the seas, in the workshops (which had coal enough) and in final preparations. But, though Mr. Bracken has worked hard, our copy-book for March-April has not as fine an appearance as usual, or as those of our Allies. It is full of strikes at home, tiresome and (some think) irrelevant *talk* in Parliament, and it is not very remarkable for successes recorded in fighting on land. We do not want to fall back again to the reminder that "in 1940 we stood alone," nor even to the reminder that we cleared Africa. For war goes marching on, like Russia. And even in the air, by the accident of the gradual stepping-up of the U.S. air assaults, the British effort, which has been consistently fine, has been overshadowed. We do not know the facts; to-morrow may justify every aspect of this apparent marking-time. The fact remains that in the past two months we have, *on the face* of things visible to the public and the watching world, dropped to No. 4 place in the race of the four great Allied Powers to co-ordinate by all means with no further delay the united effort to defeat Nazism this year. Accidental, no doubt, but a ground for regret and anxiety.

American Foreign Policy. —In Mr. Cordell Hull's public statement of America's current and future foreign policy, no thinking Briton or sane citizen anywhere in the world could find a point for criticism or an omission to be regretted. If the new order has a registered family doctor, that bold, clear, broad and noble prescription is exactly what the doctor ordered. We should throw our hats in the air and halloo? We are deterred from this gesture by one doubt. One man may lead a horse to the water. . . . Twenty can't make it drink. In an election year the voice of America is more raucous, more alarming, more confused, than usual. At the best of times American "democracy-in-being" affrights and bamboozles the pale British shadow of democracy. It does so to-day, with knobs on. When in Britain we listen to the subversive thunder of tub-thumpers in Hyde Park, we laugh it off and say that this letting-off of steam doesn't amount to a hill of beans. Perhaps we may think the same of American voices. But those voices are far louder. And another thing—in Britain, so far as we *can* see, we see the likelihood of our present leadership continuing for the vital months ahead—indeed, at least until the armistice. There is no such expectation in the States, no such continuity. The prescription of Dr. Hull is a good one, none better. But what guarantee is there that one man will lead that horse to the water, let alone twenty be capable of making him drink? We are justified in our admiration, but not justified in over-optimism.

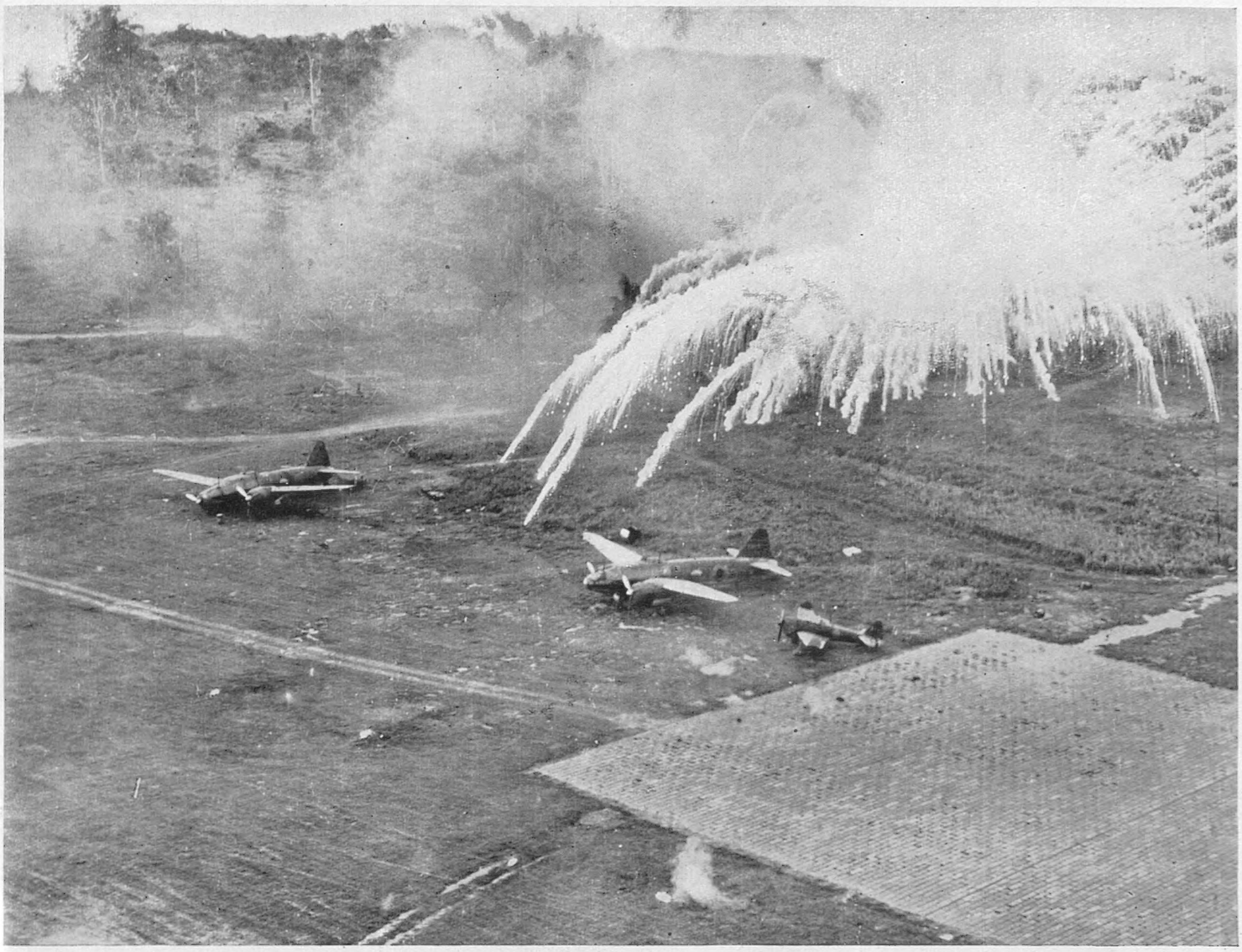
"Nine Lives" *Tirpitz*. — The story of the *Tirpitz*—that monster battleship—must one day be written for our learning in regard to armament design, and for our uplifting as a story of courage and endurance. It is a remarkable thing that during the present war, opinion regarding the vulnerability of modern warships—capital ships—to modern weapons of offence has run full circle. Our early losses, capped by Pearl Harbour, led to the view that capital ships were done for—they were too vulnerable henceforth to justify the expense of building. One or two lucky hits were enough to sink one of our very latest designs, and at Pearl Harbour they went down like ninepins at a fair. The *Tirpitz* puts a totally different complexion on the business. It may almost be said with justice that she has proved that a modern battleship is unsinkable. The very best that superb courage, brilliant planning and superhuman initiative can achieve is to put her out of commission for a period of months, after which the "mixture as before" must be applied again to return her to the shelf and neutralise her potential value on the naval chess-board. Time after time, by heroic action and inspired planning, we have sent the *Tirpitz* to bed for a season. And always she recovers her health or resumes her role of potential danger to our naval dispositions. Armour-piercing bomb design must have advanced with every year of war and armoured protection must have kept pace with that advance. The *Tirpitz* has proved that the torpedo, getting home under the most favourable conditions with an underwater hit, cannot sink this German-designed capital ship, and that bomb hits from the air on and through the bridge and decks can create havoc but not ultimately irreparable damage. And the whole history of the *Tirpitz* is a record of human courage and initiative and endurance which has few rivals.

The *Virtues* of War. — There are times when, reflecting on the nobler aspects of war, I incline to set an almost higher value on the virtues of resistance to assault than on the virtues revealed by attack. The dogged obstinacy of mankind—his refusal to accept defeat—can appear almost finer than his courage and elan in battering his foe. In war it is a dangerous thing to advance any argument which may even obliquely yield a dewdrop to one's enemy, for there is always lurking round the corner a pigmy with a Gestapo mind to cry "Treachery!" Yet this theory of mine cuts both ways and all ways. It glorifies London as well as Berlin, the partisans and underground resistance bodies of Europe as well as the fighting armies of whichever side from time to time brought to bay; if it spares a laurel leaf for German divisions trapped in Russian pincers, or those who restart the industries of the Rühr or rebuild the *Tirpitz's* shattered bridge, it offers plenty more laurel leaves to our infantry at Cassino and Anzio, to the men who cleaned up Coventry and Plymouth, and have gone down fighting against hopeless odds from the clouds and on the seas in the dark phases of war. Myself, being somewhat deficient (as I think) in visible stocks of physical courage, I set high store by moral courage, and I am not afraid to speak a word for virtues which our bitter enemy clearly shares. There could be no long war—no modern war could last a year—if the dogged obstinacy of mankind—his blind refusal to accept patent defeat—were not a virtue of human beings which is indeed superhuman, and raises him, with all his vices, frailties and brutalities, to the heights of Olympus and the status of the immortals.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO CAME OF AGE ON APRIL 21, when she became eighteen years of age—a new portrait study taken by the Hon. M. W. Elphinstone

High Time. — The British public is slow to anger. In those distant days when I had to censor my own men's letters from the front, I was always struck by their tolerance and sympathy for any man of their family and acquaintance who had a "cushy" job at home and had evaded military service. To-day the public has shown unmistakably that at last its anger was aroused against the miners and other workers who have so grievously and for so long sabotaged the war effort and betrayed the fighting men by ill-advised and undisciplined strikes. The miner's job is no "cushy" one—nor is the shipyard worker's. They have had years—all too many—of struggle to obtain security and a fair wage, and their struggles have hardened their hearts. But those struggles have softened their brains. The miners had won at last a charter of security and fair wages, well up to their aspirations. Machinery for adjusting by conciliation and discussion the inevitable and local loose-ends existed in abundance, constantly available. Thousands of miners chose this landmark in their advance to throw over their unions and leaders, and much of what they have won for them, to risk the loss of public sympathy and to lend an ear to the poison of undisguised traitors. For purely selfish and wholly ill-advised reasons, they traded on their importance in the national war effort, to hold that effort up at a critical time. And they succeeded. How grievous was the effect of their sabotage, history may one day in some degree assess. This is one of the ugliest pages in industrial history. It augurs ill enough for the future of resettlement.

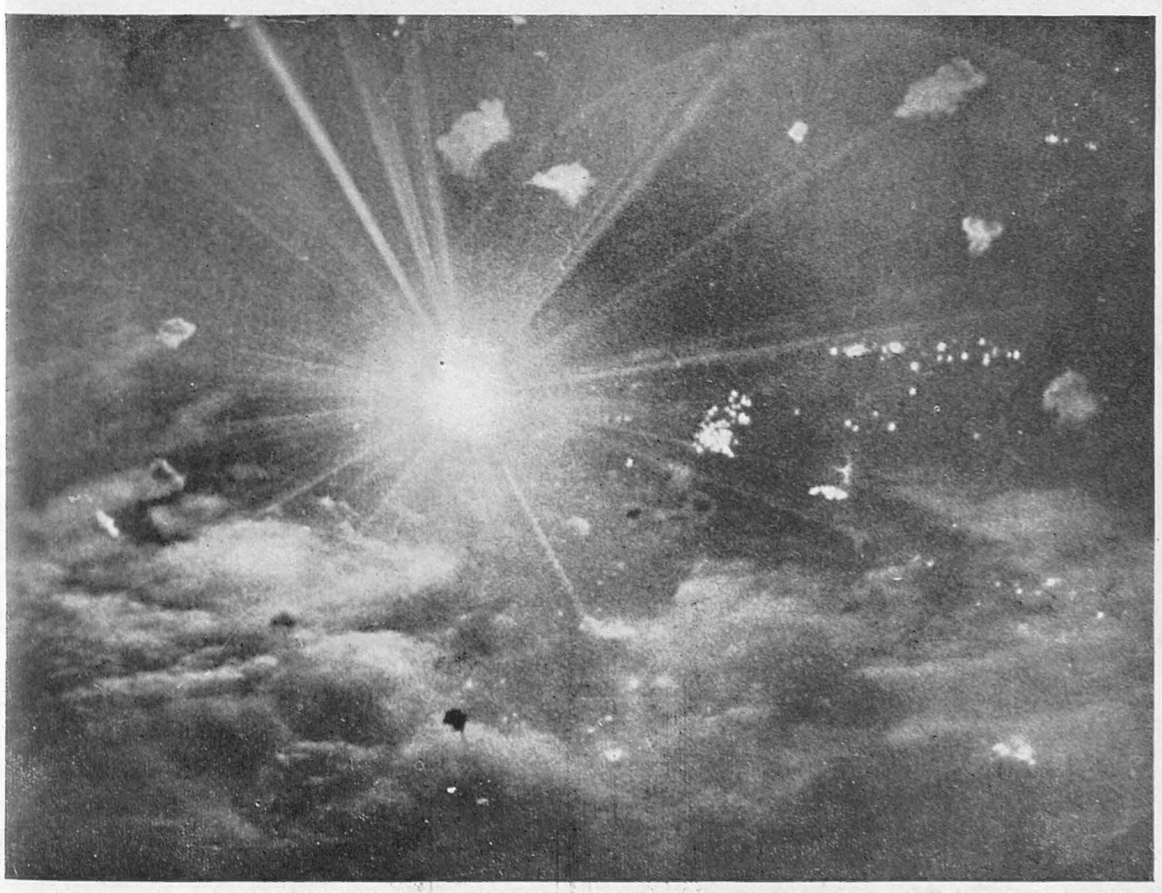
"A Blotted Page." — There is no "cushy" job to-day on the home front, and I think what sticks in the throat of the average man is the long tolerance shown by the Government to these saboteurs when compared with its quite frequent manifestations of severity to more patriotic sections of the community, and with its hard-headed reception of some of the appeals for improvement in the conditions of Service pay and allowances, and indeed of claims from other sections of the community. In gaining their charter the miners have lost their claim to a "favoured nation" clause. National unity abjures favourites, and equal rights imply equal responsibilities and duty of service to the State. The public and the Press have been slow to condemn and unwilling to criticise on partial information. All have done their best to leave the Government an unobstructed field for action. The general feeling to-day is that resolute action has been too long delayed and that there must be no watering-down of resolution until the industry is re-established on a constitutional and ordered basis, mob rule eliminated, and some of the grievous damage made good by discipline and hard work. A Government should govern—all sections of the community. The bulk of the miners have been betrayed by a minority, the trades union movement by a minority, and the nation by a minority. It is a blotted page which all Britain would wish to tear out and forget if possible. It has been a gift for Goebbels. THE OLD STAGER



THE NEW AERIAL INCENDIARIES USED BY THE AMERICANS IN THE PACIFIC WAR: A number of white phosphorus bombs dropped by U.S. planes are seen bursting and scattering particles of burning phosphorus over the Japanese bomber and fighter aircraft on the Zakunai airfield at Rabaul, in New Britain. These fire-bombs are often more deadly than high explosives. Seven main types of these bombs are now being used against the Axis

The use of air-borne incendiaries by the U.S. Army Air Forces has increased enormously during recent months, and in many situations the fire-bomb now pays greater dividends per round of weight carried in bomb-racks than high explosives. The Chemical Warfare Service of the U.S. Army has the responsibility of supplying every category of incendiary; it also sends considerable quantities to America's Allies. Formerly a third of the work of the Chemical Warfare Service, the supply of incendiary material now constitutes more than 50 per cent. of its work

NEW BOMBS in the WAR by AIR



GERMANY IS NOW USING A NEW "BLUFF" WEAPON AMONGST HER ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCES: A "scarecrow" flare beginning to explode over Magdeburg during a recent R.A.F. raid on that city: it looks lethal, but is apparently only intended to cause a scare amongst our bomber crews!

On left—The Germans have been using, as part of their anti-aircraft defences, a new type of flare which Bomber Command crews have christened "the scarecrow." They are shot up from the ground and burst at about the same height at which the bombers are flying. They are not apparently lethal, but designed to look like an aircraft falling in flames, so that air crews may believe that the defences are more effective than, in fact, they are. A pilot who has seen many of these "scarecrows" describes them as "looking like an aircraft blowing up." He adds that when they burst there is a sheet of orange flame which lasts for about half-a-minute: this is followed by oily black smoke. As it goes out, showers of coloured fragments shoot out from underneath it, and then drip down slowly. The whole thing lasts for about three-quarters of a minute

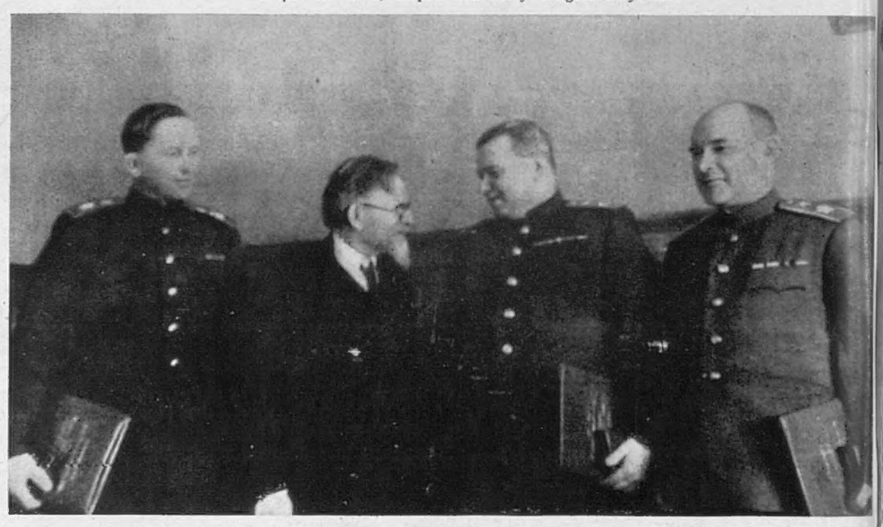
AROUND THE BATTLEFRONTS OF THE WORLD

GENERAL DE GAULLE IN ALGIERS HONOURS A FRENCH HERO: In honour of Colonel J. Colonna d'Ornano, a ceremony was held in Algiers on Sunday, March 26, at which General de Gaulle proclaimed the Rue de Constantine to be renamed after Colonel d'Ornano, who died while serving with the French troops in the Western Desert on January 11 1941. The streets were crowded with people as General de Gaulle arrived for the ceremony, accompanied by General Catroux. The Mayor of Algiers, Monsieur Duclos, opened the ceremony with a short speech after which General de Gaulle proclaimed the renaming

A RARE PICTURE FROM THE EAST INDIES: Prisoners of the Japs demonstrate the "good treatment" they are receiving at the hands of their captors

On left—It is stated that this picture comes from the Jap Propaganda Service, and is intended to show the "good treatment" being accorded to Allied prisoners in the Dutch East Indies. The physical training is a good idea for men in close confinement; but the jutting ribs of the prisoners seem to denote under-nourishment

ITALIAN CAVE-DWELLERS IN THE BEACHHEAD AT ANZIO. This is quite a big cave near the sea: it is considered safe from the bombs and shells dropping in the battle area. The donkey and cart are a familiar part of the Italian scene: the car is part of the family! It has been brought into the cave for protection from damage. There are still a number of civilians within the beachhead who are loth to quit the area, despite the many dangers they run



KALININ DECORATES THREE NEW RED ARMY MARSHALS. This picture was taken a few days ago at the Kremlin, in Moscow, as M. Kalinin, President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, presented their stars to the new Marshals From left to right they are: Marshal of Signal Troops I. Peressypkin, M. Kalinin, Marshal of Tank Troops Y. Fedorenko and Marshal of Artillery M. Yakovlev. The promotion of these men is an indication of Marshal Stalin's recognition of the work of the Red Army's ancillary services

RESCUED BY "ICE COMMANDOS" OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE: The scene as three men who had been marooned on an icefloe were located by an aircraft which spotted their hut and crashed plane. Forced down on an icefloe in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the two-man crew and one passenger of this Canadian Pacific Airlines plane were rescued by a Royal Canadian Naval vessel after being located by a searching aircraft of the R.C.A.F. This picture was taken from the aircraft, which found the men on the first day of the search and dropped supplies and food to the marooned survivors

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TWENTY LANCASTERS

And How They are Groomed for Their Night Raids on Germany

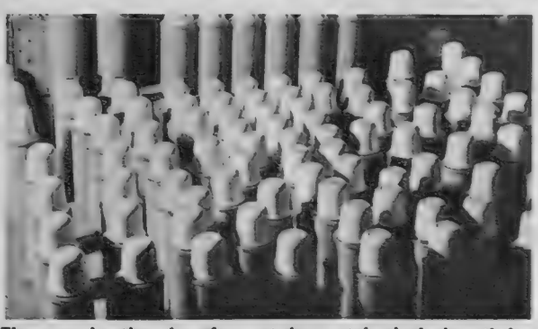
REPAIR AND INSPECTION. In this photograph are seen some of the men whose skill, drive and enthusiasm are responsible for getting the Lancasters back into commission in the shortest possible time after they have been damaged in attacks on important targets. They include Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s, armourers, W/T mechanics, electricians and instrument-makers, engine fitters, plug testers, airframe fitters and radio mechanics

Here are the cameras which will be used on the next bombing raid by this Lancaster formation. Their cost runs into many hundreds of pounds

ARMOURERS, BOMB SQUAD AND LOAD FOR TWENTY LANCASTERS. These are the men who are responsible for the servicing of the bombers with their offensive weapons in the shape of "cookies" (some of which are seen in this picture) and the incendiary containers which are used in conjunction with the high-explosive bombs to add to the damage to military objectives

Loading films into the magazines of the aerial cameras, for recording the results of the raid

PETROL AND OIL CREWS. Motive power for the big bombers is by no means a simple matter to provide, for oil and petrol on a vast scale are required before a Lancaster sets out. Here are some of the men and machines engaged on this work: they are—tractors and drivers; oxygen trailer and crew; salvage crew; fire tender crew; oil bowsers and crews; petrol tankers and drivers



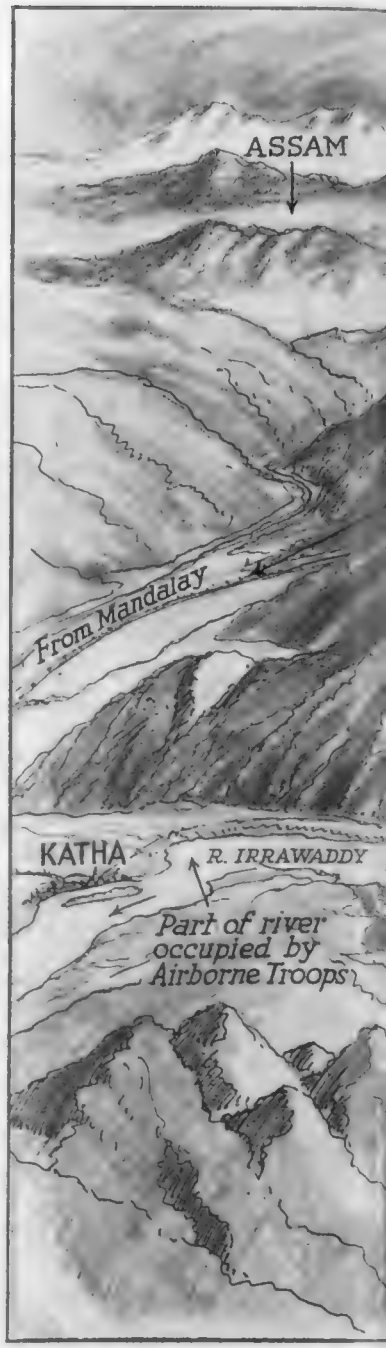
The men in the aircraft must be sustained during their chilly flight out and home. This is only a small part of the flask load for twenty Lancasters

"Fifteen-hundred-ton raid on Leipzig. . . ." "Two thousand tons on Berlin. . . ." So the newspaper headlines run as, day after day, our air onslaught on Germany mounts in scale and intensity. To a great many such figures are becoming—just figures; symbols scanned over briefly by the eye, a rough guide to the size and weight of the raid.

These pictures were taken at an R.A.F. Bomber Station and show some of the work and cost involved in reaching those great tonnages of blast and flame. This is one of the war-built stations: its aircraft strength is twenty-four Lancasters—£40,000 each, or £960,000 in all, as they are delivered slick and new from the factories. The personnel strength of the station is about 2,500 officers and men and W.A.A.F.s; or over 100 to each aircraft. Only about one-tenth of that number are air crews. It costs £3,000 a week to feed the station and to clothe them all. And to clothe the ground staff and air crews costs £40,000—or about the cost of a Lancaster.

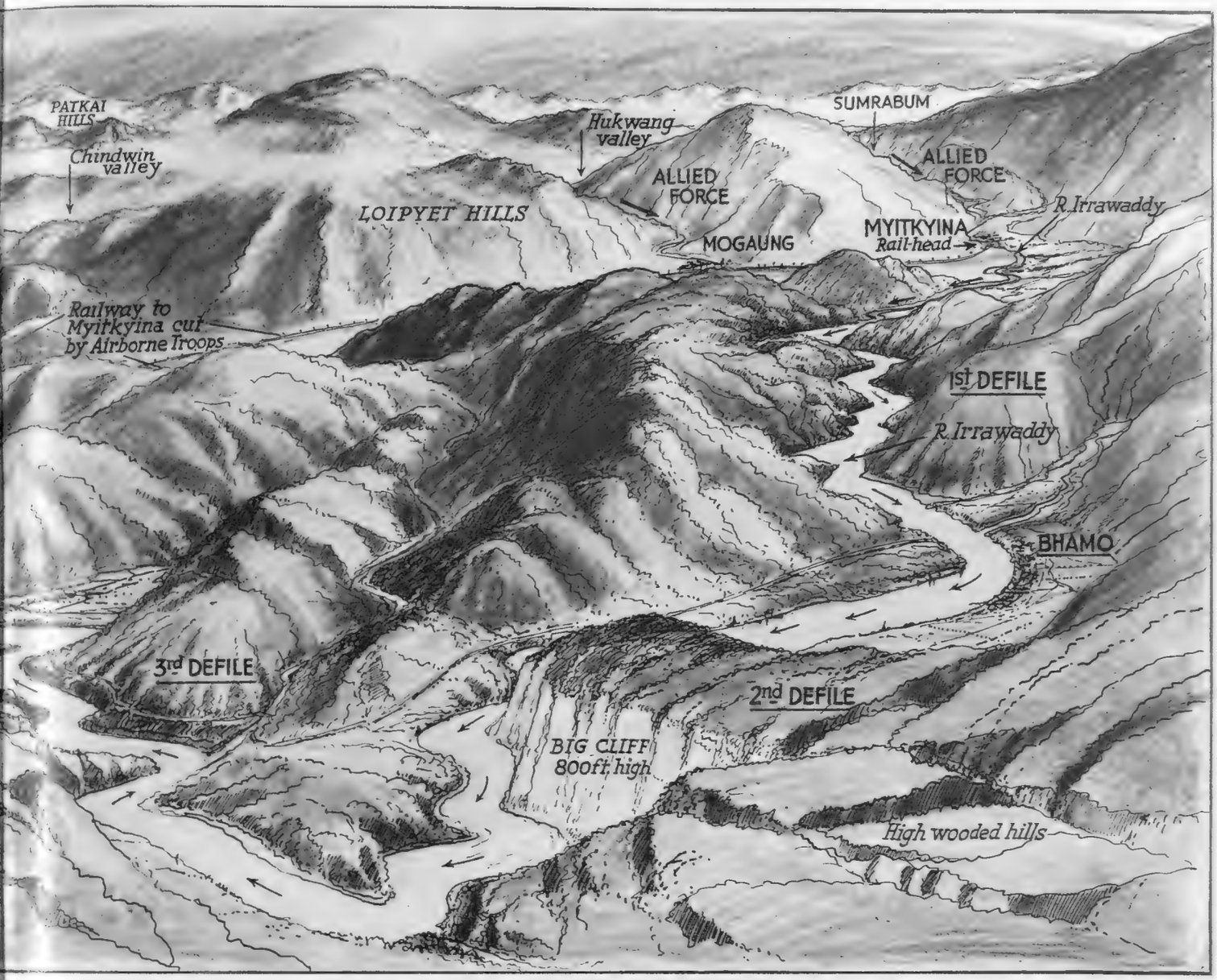
ON THE "WINGATE AIRSTRIP" IN BURMA: Unloading mules from gliders after their journey by air to the jungle base from which British troops are now operating behind the Japanese lines—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The gliders used for this work have been described as "flying frames." Their framework consists of light metal tubes, covered with fabric, and with a flooring consisting merely of reinforced plywood. A special board floor and stalls of thick bamboo poles are put in for the mules. The course for the glider train lies across rugged mountains, sharp peaks and deep valleys: one of the difficulties encountered by pilots and muleteers alike is the heat on the ground at both ends of their trip



Below—**CROSSING A RIVER IN THE BURMA AREA. Numerous types of native bridges are encountered, many of them constructed of rattan and rope. This one has a footway as well; but the troops must not hurry across it, nor go in a crowd. Other traffic has to cross the rushing stream by rubber boat or native craft**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

An astonishing variety of native bridges are encountered on the rivers which pierce the frontier ranges between Burma and India. Most of them are made from the tough, pliable stems of the Calamus climbing palms. These can be used much as a tough rope in the construction of cable-bridges; or bridges with footways; or in a cylindrical form. The bridges are very strong and last a considerable time; crossing by them is, however, an eerie business to the inexperienced, as swaying motions are apt to be set up. In the more civilised areas, as in Manipur State, the bridges are often built on timber piers and carry a level trackway. Some are roofed, as a protection against the heat of summer. These regions appear to be out of the reach of the influence of the Chinese bridge-builders, whose art can be perceived in the north-eastern areas of Burma. There the bridges are thrust outwards from stone-built gate houses which form part of the bridge structure



THE KATHA DISTRICT, CLOSE TO THE THREE DEFILES OF THE RIVER IRRAWADDY, in which the force formerly commanded by Major-General Wingate has been operating. Twelve miles of the river, and part of the railway, have been captured (See notes below)—*Drawing by Percy Home*

WHERE the AIRBORNE TROOPS LANDED in the BURMA JUNGLE

And the Work They Have Since Been Doing Behind the Japanese Lines

Special Sphere Drawings

The exact position of the airborne troops who have landed deep into Burma has not been stated, but it is generally believed to be in the Katha area, between the Irrawaddy and the Shweli River, which flows into the main stream about twenty miles south of Katha. News has been received that these troops have not only cut the railway, but have also blocked about twelve miles of the Irrawaddy, which is one of the main lines of communication with the north. It seems probable that this blocking took place at one of the great defiles through which the majestic river has to force its way south from Myitkina on its way to the sea.

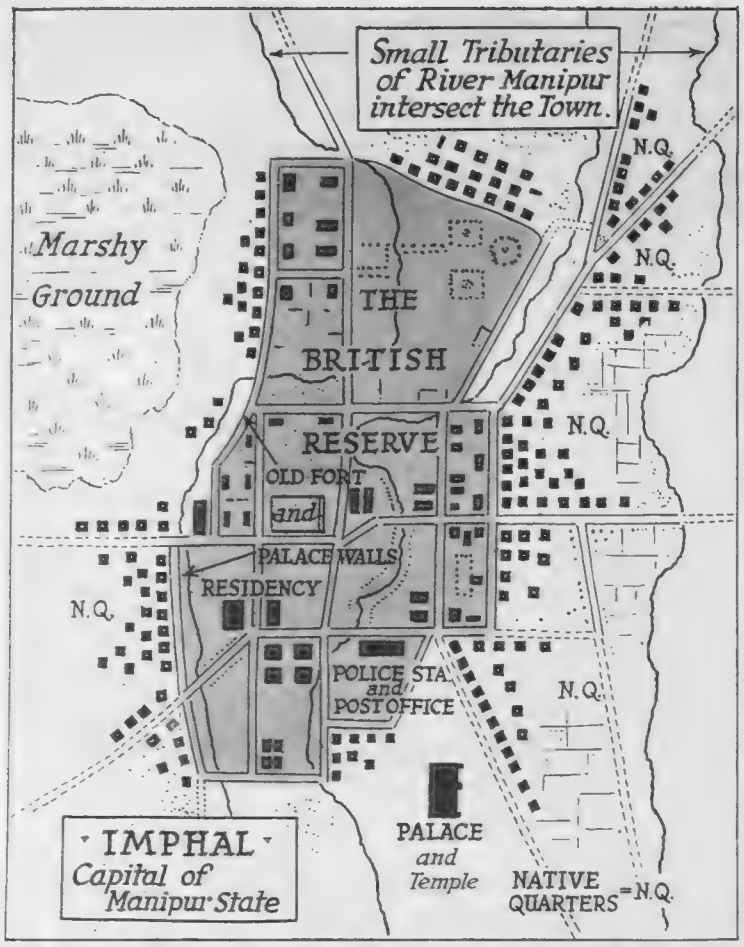
Through most of its long journey through Burma, the Irrawaddy is a fine, navigable highway, affording to the traveller upon its waters a series of marvellous views—of distant, snow-capped mountains, of forest-covered hills along its shores, of placid water reflecting the brilliant sky, sunsets of violet and gold, tiny hamlets with gilded pagodas—a general picture left upon the mind of great beauty. But though generally navigable, the river has to pass through three great defiles where, during the wet season of the year, the passage of steamers becomes impossible, owing to the tumultuous race of swollen waters striving to tear through the narrow gorges. From Myitkina the river flows smoothly and swiftly to Mogaung, 65 miles to the south, where it makes a great bend, and the First Defile soon comes into view. Travelling in the winter season, one sees the water-worn rocks on the shore, but from May to October, when the monsoon rains are descending and the melting snow of the mountain floods down into the mighty stream, the Irrawaddy becomes a furious torrent, rising 80 ft. up the hillsides where it has suddenly become restricted. This First Defile twists for 35 miles among sheer black rocks, the angry river tossing down over fierce rapids. Then suddenly the hills retreat and the scenery opens out, and there follows a lovely, placid stretch, the river flowing quietly, passing the small village of Tamangi, widening as it goes.

Below Bhamo, where Chinese merchants bring their merchandise in winter, the Irrawaddy enters the Second Defile, which, however, is not so awe-inspiring as the First, the channel being less restricted. A great cliff, rising 800 ft. sheer from the water, marks the entrance to this defile. After leaving this there is another period of restful beauty, till the Irrawaddy is enlarged by the waters of the Shweli, coming down from China.

The Third Defile is entered below Malé, where low hills draw together to confine the river for the last time. Above the hills the great mountain peak of Shweu-daung, 9,000-ft. high, bare and ragged, makes a splendid setting as the Irrawaddy threads its way among the curves of the imprisoning hills. Gradually the hills lessen in height, till, without any dramatic ending, the river becomes free once more, and broadens out into a wide waterway.

American and Chinese soldiers load boxes of ammunition aboard river-boats. Supplies and equipment are flown in, and later transported by boat and pack train

U.S. Army trucks, loaded with troops and supplies, plough through a soggy jungle terrain in Northern Burma, where Chinese and American forces fight side by side



KEYPOINT IN THE FIGHTING ON THE BURMA-INDIA FRONTIER: Imphal, the native townlet which is the capital of Manipur State. The British Reserve lies in the centre; nearby are the palace and the temple; the native hut quarters lie around the central areas; and small tributaries of the River Manipur intersect the village. This place has been converted into a base for Allied operations

THE "TOWN" OF IMPHAL

ON THE BURMA-INDIA BORDER

And Other Aspects of the Campaign against the Japs in Burma

During recent weeks the communiqués from Burma have contained frequent mention of the name of Imphal. This is the capital of the State of Manipur, on the Burma border, where fierce fighting has taken place between the British and Jap forces. Undoubtedly Imphal has been serving as a base in our campaign, and an important base too. But—it is *not* a town!

There are no towns in the ordinary sense of the term in Manipur. Although the State capital, Imphal is only a large village, in which each house stands in its own compound and has its own little vegetable garden. These houses, moreover, are of mud, with thatched roofs; and along the front of each is a wide veranda where the women do their weaving.

Since the rising in 1891, a small enclave of grounds has been reserved as a civil station by the Government. This includes the walls of the old fort and the Rajah's Palace, which were destroyed during the disturbances; the lines of a military police battalion and officers' bungalows; and a fine new Residency built on the site of the old one. To the south of this enclave is the new palace, a modern building with its own polo ground and temple.

Imphal lies at 2,600 ft. above sea-level; the scenery is attractive; and the civil station is picturesque and pleasant. The only communication with the outside world is by the 134-mile motor road to the railway at Dimapur, which lies across the Naga Hills to the north. This is now obviously one of the objectives for which the Japs are striving.

The advance of the Japs towards Imphal was by way of the hills lying to the east of the village. The 17th Division, lying at Tiddim far to the south, retreated northwards—closing in on Imphal: at the same time, the Japs had infiltrated towards Kohima, which lies on the road to Dimapur, thus threatening to isolate and beleaguer Imphal. But, in the enemy's rear, it must not be forgotten, our own airborne troops landed at Katha are operating with great vigour.

THE TEMPLE LIES CLOSE TO THE RULER OF MANIPUR'S PALACE. The position of palace and temple is shown on the plan on the left: they lie to the south of the British Reserve

FLYING OVER BURMA, WITH ITS MANY DANGEROUS HILLS COVERED IN CLOUD now that the monsoons are gathering. Some of the ranges rise to 10,000 and 12,000 ft., and clouds have been reported as wreathing their summits—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Flying over unbroken masses of tropical jungle is not the type of flying conditions a pilot would naturally choose. Peaks and ridges rise from 6,000 ft. to 12,000 ft. within the present campaign region, and very often this high ground is wreathed in cloud. From a distant viewpoint, the position of a cloud mass is defined clearly enough: but when tearing along in a fast plane the incidence of cloud swirling round half-hidden peaks is quite another matter. With the approach of the monsoon period, big masses of cloud have been rolling up and the pilot has to become more and more wary. Already in the mountains of the centre and north great clouds are banking up nearly every day. Now and then rain falls, heralding the monsoon which is due in May

A STRANGE BATTLE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MAYU RANGE, IN ARAKAN. The struggle for the two disused railway tunnels near the road to Buthidaung: the western tunnel was captured first, by Allied tanks which turned their searchlights on to the entrance; later, the eastern tunnel was also captured—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

One of the strangest incidents in the fighting on the Mayu Ridge, in Arakan Province, has been the struggle for two tunnels on the crest of the ridge close to where the present Maungdaw-Buthidaung road crosses at the Ngakyedauk Pass. Whether these were originally road or railway tunnels it is not possible at the moment to state: correspondents fail to agree. When the Pass was opened up for traffic recently, the two tunnels lying a little to the south appear to have remained in enemy hands. It took a small operation to clear the western one. This is 150 yards long, 8 ft. to 10 ft. high and 11 ft. wide; it was held by a handful of desperate Japs who had to be ousted in the manner shown in the drawing above. Soon after the news of its capture came the further news of the capture of the eastern tunnel

GENERAL F. MESSERVEY, Commander of the 7th Indian Division, which fought its way out of Jap encirclement in the Arakan area

MAJOR-GENERAL H. R. BRIGGS, D.S.O. AND BAR, Commander of the 5th Indian Division, which is also operating in Arakan

A SCENE DURING THE EVACUATION OF THE ARAKAN WOUNDED BY AIR. British and American pilots flying light aircraft carried out this work: they brought out the British, Indian and Gurkha casualties from the section east of the Mayu Range after the 7th Division had been encircled by the Japs. Flying by day and night, unarmed, unescorted, incessantly fired on by the Japanese, the pilots landed and took off on paddy fields. They successfully evacuated large numbers of seriously wounded men to the base hospitals

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THE ATTACK ON THE "TIRPITZ"

And the Mining Operations of Bomber Command, R.A.F.

—Depicted in a Series of Admiralty and Air Ministry Official Photographs

The photographs reproduced on this page record the brilliant work of the Fleet Air Arm crews who, with perfect timing, hit the German battleship *Tirpitz* with heavy and medium-sized bombs near the bridge, the after-turret, amidships, forward of the bridge and on the forecastle, as the battleship was about to move off from her anchorage in Alten Fiord, Norway, on Monday morning, April 3. Large explosions were observed by the main mast and on the forecastle, and when last seen the *Tirpitz* was on fire amidships. The Barracuda bombers were escorted and covered by Seafire and other fighters from aircraft-carriers of the Home Fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry R. Moore (Second-in-Command of the Home Fleet)

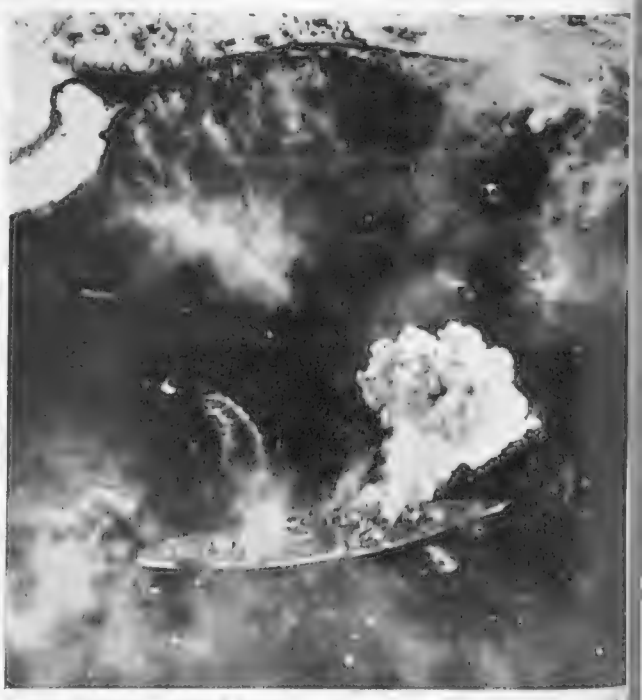
HOW THE FLEET AIR ARM FLEW TO THE ATTACK OF THE "TIRPITZ" over the snow-covered hills of Norway. Coming in low, the Barracuda bombers and their fighter escorts are seen here approaching the Alten Fiord, lair of the German battleship "Tirpitz," on the morning of April 3

THE PILOTS ARE BRIEFED ON BOARD THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER. Commander G. T. C. Harrison, of the Carrier's Air Staff, is here detailing the salient points on a special relief map of the target area. The pilots, it will be noted, are already fully equipped for their flight

THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP IS ALMOST HIDDEN by smoke when a heavy bomb lands fair and square on her deck

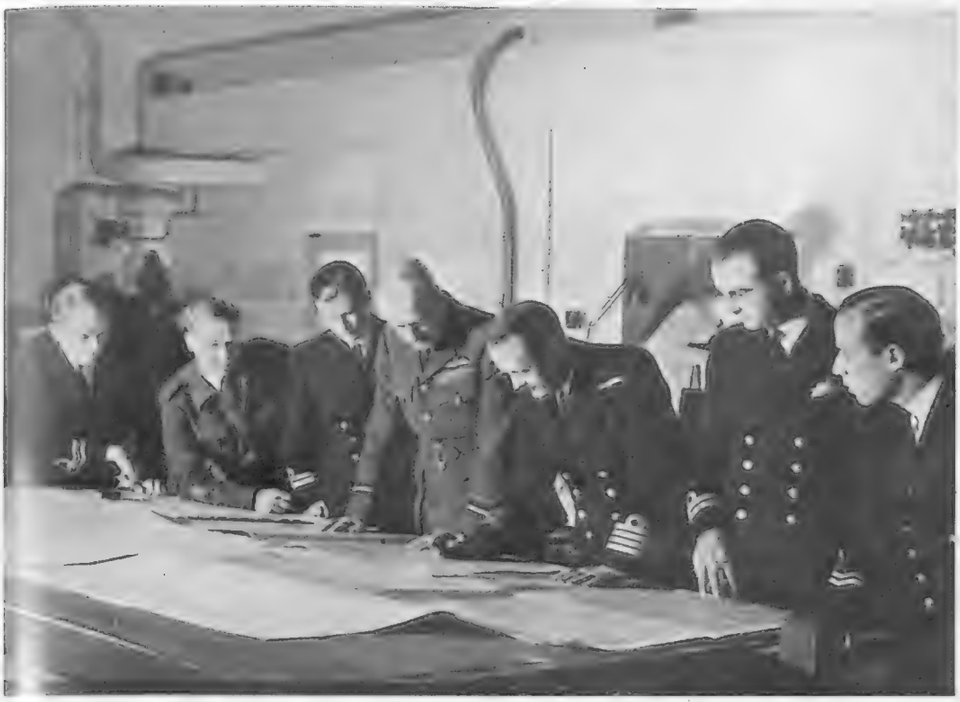
THE DECK-LANDING PARTY rushes to clear a Barracuda from the deck as it lands-on after the attack on the "Tirpitz"

HOW THE GERMANS ATTEMPTED TO BAFFLE THE BOMBERS: Smoke-screens, put up to hide the "Tirpitz," drifting across the waters of the fiord. This action was taken too late to prevent the battleship from sustaining heavy damage from the bombs

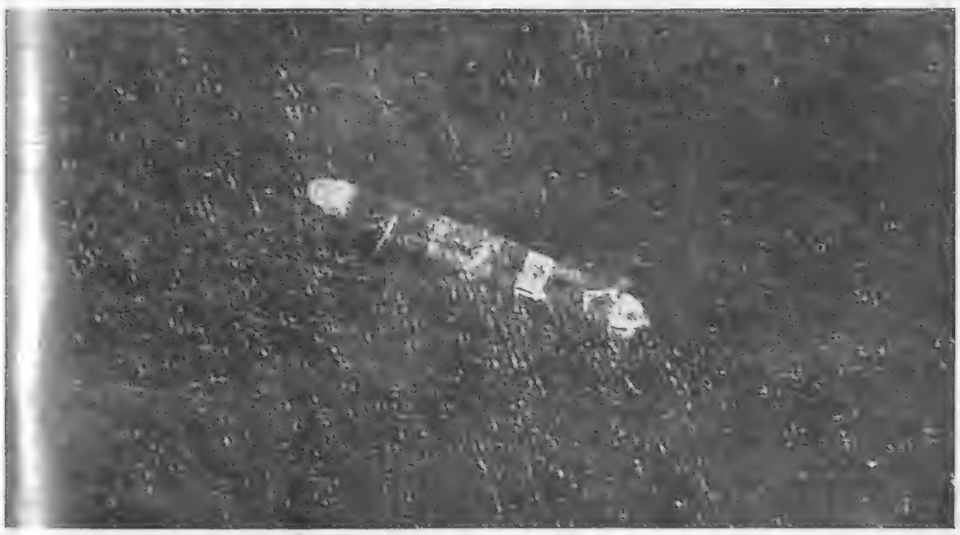


A FAST-MOVING MOTOR-BOAT hurries away from the battered "Tirpitz" as a huge cloud rises from an early hit on the German battleship

A MINING OPERATION IS PLANNED AND CARRIED OUT



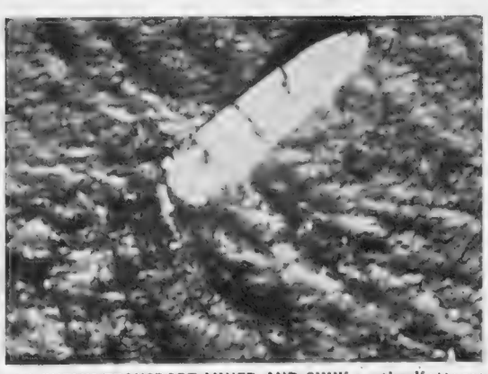
I ARING FOR A MINE-LAYING OPERATION OFF THE ENEMY COASTLINE by Bomber Command of the R.A.F.—The Planning Conference at Headquarters: in the centre is Air Vice-Marshal H. S. P. Walmsley, C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C.; next to him is Captain S. G. B. de Mowbray, R.N. Their staffs are gathered round them



OF THE MANY ENEMY VESSELS DESTROYED as the result of mines dropped by Bomber Command. This is a large merchant ship of about 10,000 tons sunk by mines off the mouth of the Gironde River, in the Bay of Biscay

AN ENEMY FREIGHTER OF ABOUT 6,000 TONS, which struck a mine laid by Bomber Command aircraft off the Pomeranian coast

In the four years since the night of April 13, 1940, more than 500 enemy ships have been sunk or damaged by Bomber Command of the R.A.F. They have carried out in that period over 13,000 sea-mining sorties, laying their deadly loads in channels, harbours and waterways all along the seaboard from the Bay of Biscay to the Gulf of Danzig, in the Baltic (850 miles from base), and to distant Norwegian waters. It is estimated that since the spring of 1940, when Hampdens each carried one mine, Bomber Command's sea-mining operations have probably cost the Germans over 1,000,000 tons of shipping. Now Halifaxes, Lancasters, Stirlings and Wellingtons carry multiple loads of mines



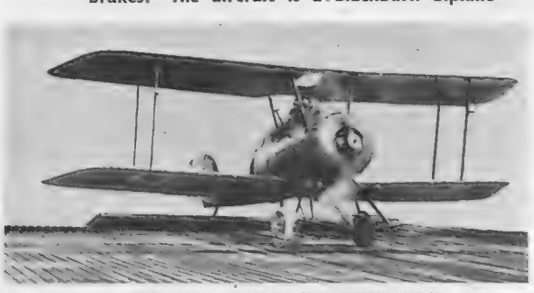
AN ENEMY TRANSPORT MINED AND SUNK in the Kattegat while carrying personnel and materiel to the German Air Force in Northern Norway

THE FIRST AIRCRAFT TO LAND ON A SHIP AT SEA: Squadron Commander Dunning making his successful attempt in 1917. After "crabbing" in sideways above the deck built over the forepart of "Furious," his brother-pilots haul him down

BROTHER-PILOTS HOLDING BACK THE AIRCRAFT as Squadron Commander Dunning safely completes the first landing-on ever accomplished on a ship at sea

THE SQUADRON COMMANDER GOES OVER THE SIDE and is killed when attempting a second landing on H.M.S. "Furious" in 1917. The vessel was reconstructed (for the second time) after this disaster

THE FORWARD END OF THE FLIGHT DECK sloped upwards before "Furious" was finally reconstructed in 1939. The idea was to help pull up the aircraft which, in the early days, were not fitted with brakes. The aircraft is a Blackburn biplane



AN EARLY EXPERIMENT MADE IN "FURIOUS," designed to stop aircraft from slithering over the side. Parallel rows of wires acted as guides to the undercarriage, while collapsible barricades helped to slow the aircraft

Now that planes of the Fleet Air Arm have made what is probably their most spectacular attack of the war—the bombing of the German battleship *Tirpitz* on April 3, 1944—it is interesting to recall the first aircraft ever to make a landing on a ship at sea. This first landing-on was made in 1917 by Squadron Commander Dunning on board H.M.S. *Furious*; he was killed while making a second attempt. His aircraft was a Sopwith "Pup" (80 h.p. Le Rhone engine). This series of pictures also shows experimental devices tried out in the early days of aircraft carriers

THE HUMAN TORPEDO UNDER WAY: THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE HALF-SUBMERGED AND BOTH ARE WEARING THEIR SPECIAL SLADEN SUITS. When they near the target, the torpedo craft is submerged and charges are attached to the enemy vessel. Minus the warhead, the torpedo is then driven away in order to be clear of the target area before the charge detonates

THE TWO-MAN CREW IN THEIR POSITIONS ASTRIDE THE TORPEDO: Behind the metal screen in front of the first man are the navigational and other instruments. the warhead of the torpedo (unseen here) projects forward in front of the craft

AN OFFICER OF A HUMAN TORPEDO IN HIS SPECIAL SLADEN SUIT. This is worn when the craft is under way, for work below the vessel which is being attacked

Lieut. R. T. G. Greenland, R.N.V.R., who sank the Italian cruiser "Ulpio Traiano," for which he was awarded the D.S.O.

Sub-Lieut. R. G. Dove, R.N.V.R., attacked the transport "Viminale" —awarded D.S.O.

Leading Signalman A. Ferrier (of Elgin, Scotland), awarded the C.G.M. for his part

HUMAN TORPEDOES" of the ROYAL NAVY

Pictures of a Closely Guarded Secret, which has Just Been Revealed by the Admiralty

Human torpedoes," manned by personnel of the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy, have been used with conspicuous success during operations in enemy waters.

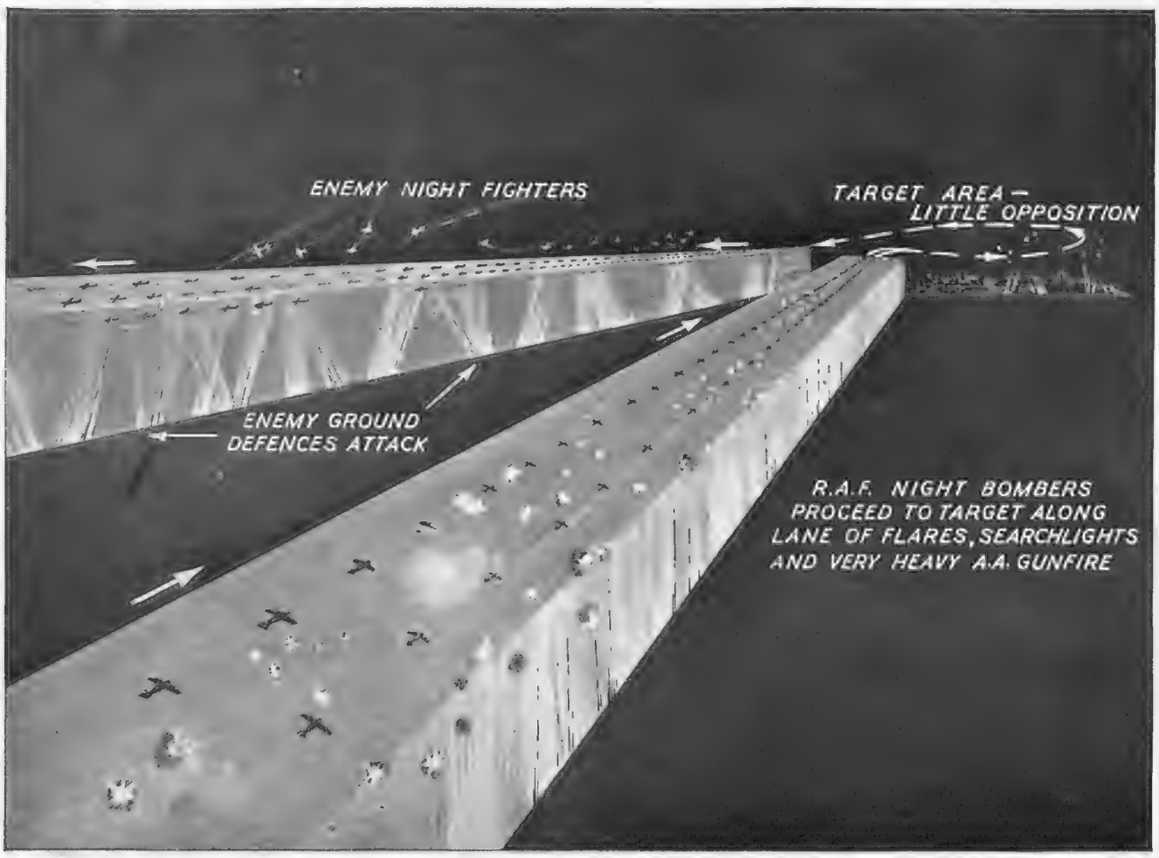
During a night attack carried out in January 1943 against the strongly-defended enemy base at Palermo, several of these human torpedoes negotiated a net defence and proceeded undetected across the whole length of the harbour. One craft attacked and sank the 5·3-in. Italian Regolo-class cruiser *Ulpio Traiano* which was completing for service.

A second human torpedo attacked the transport *Viminale*, of 8,500 tons, which was lying alongside the jetty, and so severely damaged her aft that she had to be towed away for repairs. During this passage the transport was sunk.

Human torpedoes are approximately the same size and shape as ordinary torpedoes. They are driven by electric batteries and are manned by a crew of two, who wear diving suits and sit astride the body of the torpedo. A charge similar to the warhead of a torpedo is attached to the nose. These craft are manœuvred at slow speed towards their targets and dive under them. The charges are then detached from the main body and fixed to the bottom of the enemy ships. Time fuses are set: the human torpedoes, now minus their warheads, are then driven away in order to be clear of the target area.

A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE HUMAN TORPEDO ON ITS WAY TO THE OBJECTIVE. It is steered by the man in front. Conspicuous success has already been achieved with these craft against enemy vessels in the Mediterranean

THE ENEMY'S NEW DEVICES TO COMBAT THE BOMBERS: THE SCENE WHEN 900 BRITISH AIRCRAFT SET OUT TO SMASH NUREMBERG IN THE MOONLIGHT ON MARCH 29. The German air defence constantly employs new kinds of protective devices, such as flares in triangles, rocket shells, mortar-fire, etc.: some of these devices are shown in action above, as described by pilots on their return from Germany—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes below)



GERMANY'S NIGHT DEFENCE: The long route out to the target and the way home, both lined with enemy night fighters lying in wait for the bombers and with defences—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

The Work of the BIG BOMBERS

What They are Doing over the Enemy's Territory; and How the Germans are Trying to Combat their Activities

In a recent description of the night attack on Nuremberg, a Halifax pilot said that, "strangely enough, things were not so hot over the target." But why should the defence over the city itself be strong? Why should the Germans try to bring down British aircraft on their own industrial centres—when the long route out to Nuremberg, and the equally long route back would give them ample opportunities to engage the British aircraft with flak and provide the night fighters with scores of opportunities for interception? To-day, it is no exaggeration to say that every German city of size can only be approached by Allied aircraft through a lane of flares, searchlights and very heavy anti-aircraft batteries. Pilots have frequently reported that from the moment they cross the enemy's coast there is not a moment's peace

The Germans seem determined to surprise our night-bomber pilots with some sort of new device on each occasion when a major British raid is being carried out.

It may be a rocket-shell attack one night, or concentrated mortar-fire from night fighters; or it may take the form of some new lighting device, with balls of various colours pushing their way up towards the bombers.

Or, again, as is shown here, it may be the use of triple flares. These burst out with a big glare and hang in the sky—three great golden balls, in a "pawnbroker's sign" of possibly ominous intentions!

About the middle of last month "sprays of light or fire" were reported. These lit up "whole areas of the sky."

The Germans, too (remembering the highly-coloured "circuses" of the last stages of the 1918 air fighting over the Western Front), have been taking to lurid colouring for certain of their fighter types—all designed, doubtless, momentarily to distract the invading aircraft's attention.

Throughout it all, however, the flak and the night fighters remain. Whatever else the Germans may attempt, it is these two factors which undoubtedly cause the greatest number of casualties amongst our bombers. The rest are the "trimmings," about which our pilots may speculate, but which amuse more than they destroy.

BOMBS ON THE HIRSON MARSHALLING YARDS IN FRANCE : This reconnaissance photograph was taken on March 25 as the first wave of Marauder medium bombers (of the U.S. Ninth Air Force) put their cargo squarely on the important railway yards 120 miles inland in France. Other formations swept across the target a few minutes later to drop many tons of high explosives, smashing freight cars, tracks, a large warehouse, a three-bay shed and the locomotive shops. A large explosion from freight cars near the warehouse set six other cars afire. This attack on March 25 was the second carried out by Marauders on the same objective at Hirson

AN AMERICAN RAID ON THE NAZI FIGHTER BASE AT DIJON : Almost hiding the target area from view, huge fires rise from the bomb-bursts on the German twin-engine fighter base at Dijon, in France, on March 28. Flying Fortresses of the American Eighth Air Force carried out this heavy daylight attack. The main hangars, workshops, three small hangars, and barracks on the field, all received hits. On this occasion the American pilots reported that enemy fighter opposition was non-existent. This was only one attack of many now being carried out on the aerodromes and repair fields which are being used by the Nazis for their own purposes in Occupied France

THE AMERICAN ATTACK ON MONT DE MARSAN, German base in France for the long-range bombers used in anti-shipping patrols, which is located 60 miles south of Bordeaux. Note the three paths across the airfield caused by "fragmentation" missiles

Both fragmentation and high-explosive bombs are vividly shown in this picture, taken during the attack by American heavy bombers on March 27. Smoke is seen rising high above the airfield as the daylight assault progressed : the huge billows at the lower right are the result of high-explosive bombs taking a toll of hangars, administration buildings, stores and shops ; while the three budding paths across the field proper are fragmentation missiles, used to damage enemy aircraft grounded on the field or in dispersal areas

FIGHTING UNDERGROUND IN THE PASSAGES AND TUNNELS OF THE BATTERED TOWN OF CASSINO. A hand-to-hand combat between a British officer and sergeant and a German patrol—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

After securing first-hand evidence that the Germans were using underground passages as dug-outs and assembly-points for their troops at Cassino, a British officer escaped under a hail of fire. In a broadcast a few nights ago a description was given of how Lieut. Murray, serving in an Indian Sapper and Miner Company, and Sergeant Morris, a New Zealander, made their way through rubble to a ruined house. Inside the house they found the opening to a dug-out, and Lieut. Murray went down. Morris followed and found the officer covering a German with his pistol. There were alcoves or passages on both sides of the dug-out. While Lieut. Murray kept the German covered, Morris started looking into a passage. As he did so he was riddled with bullets from a sub-machine-gun and dropped dead. As the German who had shot Sergeant Morris came out of the passage, Lieut. Murray shot him with his pistol, pulled a tommy-gun from under Morris, and killed two more Germans who appeared, one with his revolver and the other with the tommy-gun. In the noise and confusion, Lieut. Murray escaped from the house and ran into another German. He fired, but the tommy-gun was empty. The German fired but missed, and Lieut. Murray killed him with his revolver. Then he ran for safety, with twenty or thirty Germans firing at him. At one of our advance posts he made a first report by radio, and then, with an escort, dodged from rock to rock under machine-gun fire and sniping, to reach our lines

BATTLE SCENES from the CASSINO and ANZIO FRONTS

Depicted in Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

The difficulty of ousting an enemy from a defended mountain position first became obvious at Keren, in the East African campaign. Cassino has rubbed in the lesson. Guns placed in holes or galleries are extremely difficult to put out of action. The orifice from which they fire may be plastered with shell-bursts, and rock splinters may fly and possibly injure personnel, but it generally requires a direct hit really to knock the gun out. The gun positions supporting the German infantry in Cassino town have been numerous and well-placed; they have the advantage of elevation and have been able to drop shells on any line of approach used by the Allies. They have given an especially hot time to the troops occupying the Station. The gun position shown here is one which commanded the southern area in which the Railway Station is located. It had been operating from a cave hollow on the lower slopes of Monastery Hill. In the foreground is the rough limestone side of Castle Hill. Mr. Buckley who watched the firing from several vantage points, writes as follows: "A German self-propelled gun will suddenly be located firing from a cave in the hill. Some scores of our field guns will be ranged on it, and sooner or later that gun will be silenced. In all this hillside fighting the Germans have an advantage in that they are now far more intimately acquainted with these caverns, tunnels and recesses, each of which provides means of ambushing any unwary advance. They have also the advantage—a very real one in this type of country—of being the defender."

KNOCKING OUT A GERMAN GUN BY A DIRECT HIT ON THE SLOPES OF MONASTERY HILL AT CASSINO—a characteristic incident of the artillery duels which have been continued day after day between outbursts of more special intensity. The Allied guns have plastered the surrounding rocks until each special target has been discovered and destroyed—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

DEVELOPMENTS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT FLANK OF THE FIFTH ARMY LINE AROUND CASSINO, where the Italians advanced to Monte Marrone and other high peaks among the snow-covered mountains. This area is some fourteen miles to the north-east of the town—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

For some time the situation east of Cassino had resolved itself into a matter of artillery duelling. Both enemy and Allied gunners spent the day blazing away across the Rapido Valley, expending vast quantities of shells upon the rocky sides of the hills and mountains on both sides of the valley. But then there came an unexpected development on the extreme right flank of the Fifth Army position. North African troops had shown activity in this region and had made some forward movements—apparently across the Upper Rapido Valley in the direction of Tarelle, a high mountain village on the Cassino side of the valley. Other troops had climbed up on these heights. The latest development tells of advances on the farther side of the Upper Rapido Valley. Marshal Badoglio's Italian units, pushing forward in freezing weather, seized two important heights for the Allied armies on the main Italian front. These are Monte Castelnuovo, 3,600 ft., and the adjacent Monte Marrone. These Italian gains in the Western Apennines, 14 miles north-east of Cassino, marked the first Allied advance of any importance for some weeks. The Italians met no immediate opposition from the enemy. As a result of the advance, the Allies have possession of two long high ridges west of Castel San Vincenzo. The distance of 14 miles to the north-east of Cassino takes one beyond the area of the ground previously referred to in communiqués from the Fifth Army. Later news stated that the Germans delivered a counter-attack on the Monte Marrone position, after dropping leaflets calling on the Italians to give up fighting and drawing attention to the prolonged hold-up at Cassino. The Italians repulsed the attack

THE LAST HANDSHAKE: AN INCIDENT DURING THE GRIM BATTLE FOUGHT BY THE SCOTS GUARDS to secure and expand the Anzio beachhead, details of which have just been published by the War Office. A Guardsman wireless operator is mortally wounded near the main road to Caroceto and is saluted by his Company Officer as he lies dying—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

How fierce the first attacks on the Anzio beachhead were has been made clear in official narratives just published. The initial landings were so easily accomplished that the stiffness of the fighting that ensued within a few days was scarcely realised at the time. Now it is clear that the enemy made a very determined attempt to force his way along the main motor road to Anzio while we were still in the process of disembarking masses of material on the beaches and landing-places at Anzio and Nettuno. Only desperate and determined resistance just south of Caroceto checked this enemy attempt. The Scots Guards here played a decisive part: they were attacked again and again, but they stayed solidly in their slit trenches gamely taking punishment until they could come to grips with the enemy. When B Company were ten yards short of the vital Caroceto road, they lay flat waiting for a chance to get through. It was here that the wireless operator was hit. Captain Balfour crawled up to relieve him of his set as he lay dying and to say goodbye to the gallant Guardsman

THE NAZIS TAKE OVER IN HUNGARY AND RUMANIA

—Special Sphere Maps and Diagrams

The area within the semi-circle in the diagram on the right is one which will hold the attention of students of the diplomatic situation which is now steadily arising in Europe. It will be noted that the line stretches from Finland, on the north, to Italy, on the south. In 1914, Russia's western frontiers included Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Bessarabia, forming a bulwark across Europe from the Arctic to the Black Sea. After the war of 1914-18 these territories became lost by Russia owing to treaties, and her frontier in consequence was moved back much farther east.

There is now wide speculation in many quarters and much guess-work regarding the future western frontiers of Soviet Russia when the present war comes to an end. The 1914 line on the accompanying map can be compared with a second frontier line showing the 1939 U.S.S.R. frontiers. The Poland held by Russia in 1914, it will be observed, does not coincide with the later extended area of Poland. It has been suggested that certain of the small Baltic States might decide to throw in their lot with the U.S.S.R. The attitude of Czechoslovakia, Ruthenia and the adjacent regions in regard to their huge and immensely powerful neighbour to the east will be carefully watched.

The interest of U.S.S.R. in Italy is the most curious feature of all. The sudden and unexpected announcement of Russian support for the King and Badoglio caused all the diplomatic experts to wonder what was the policy adumbrated by this move from the Kremlin. It surprised Washington, but the reactions there were as nothing compared with the perturbations set up in Communist circles over a very large area of the Western World. Certain of these had to make adjustments in their hitherto announced antagonism to the Badoglio regime and fall into line with the new Soviet policy.

THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN BUDAPEST. This is situated on the River Danube, in Buda, the eastern half of the twin city, where most of the big public buildings are located

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE INTO CENTRAL EUROPE, and the areas of special interest to the U.S.S.R. These are—Poland, in the centre; Finland, in the north; and the Balkans and Italy, in the south *(See notes at left)*

HUNGARY INVADED AND OCCUPIED BY THE NAZIS. Budapest, the capital, is linked directly with Vienna, and is a strategic rail centre for the whole of South-Central Europe. In every direction trunk lines reach out (with the one exception of the north-east, which is guarded by the Carpathians)

The Axis Swoop on the Balkans:

As the Russian armies drew nearer to the Rumanian borders, Hitler found himself forced to repeat his familiar tactics of sending in Nazi troops suddenly to occupy a country in order to assist it against a common enemy.

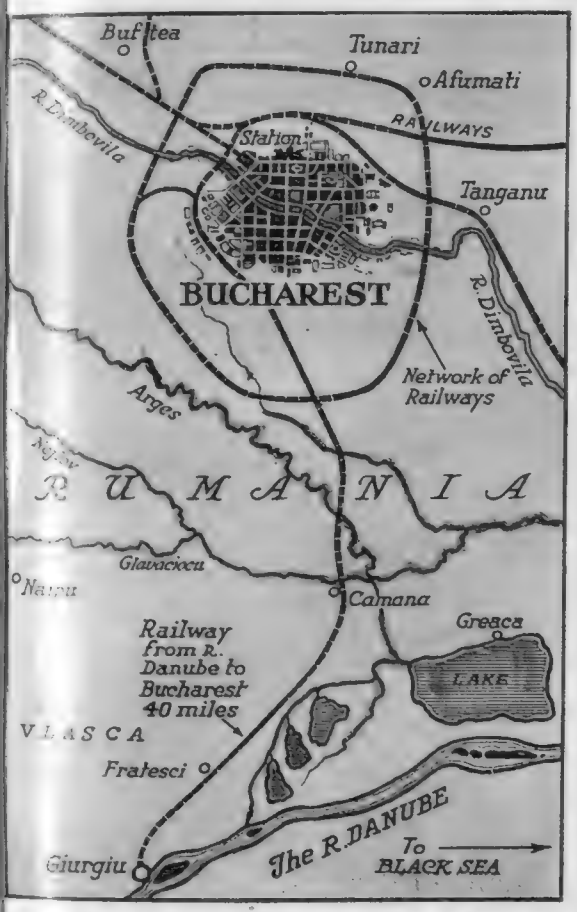
The first reports which filtered out from Hungary gave a confused account of the method of the occupation, but it now seems clear that the Regent, Admiral Horthy, met Hitler, to whom he had been summoned, on Friday, March 17, where he learnt the Führer's demands upon Hungary. They apparently consisted of the complete mobilisation of the whole country for war, providing of more factory workers, greater production of food, the handing over of all airfields, the use of railways and telephones, and the suppression of the Jews. On Saturday, March 18, Horthy formed a new Government, dismissing the Prime Minister, Kallay, who was not approved of by Hitler.

On Monday, March 20, while German troops were tramping through the streets of Budapest, Horthy returned to Vienna for a second conference with Hitler, after which an announcement was issued that the troops had been sent in "on a basis of mutual agreement." Arrests of Polish refugees and Poles began at once, and a German Gauleiter, Vechsenmayer, appointed as "Trustee for the Reich."

The importance of Hungary to any scheme of defence in the Balkans which the German High Command may have planned can scarcely be exaggerated. The situation was well summed-up in one of the correspondents' despatches when the dramatic change in the Balkan situation took place during the last week in March. Here is what he said: "Hungary lies immediately behind what will soon be the German front line, and the rail communications from Germany to the Carpathians pass through her territory. From Budapest, which is the centre of these communications in Hungary, three main-line railways run respectively north-eastwards through Sub-Carpathian Russia—now occupied by the Hungarians—to Lvov, south-eastwards to Bucharest and southwards to Belgrade. All these lines are essential for the German defence of Rumania and the Balkans, and the Germans cannot afford to take any risks for their safety."

***On right*—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, bisected by the River Danube. The viewpoint here is from the south, with Pesth in the foreground and Buda on the right**

BUDAPEST, THE MAGYAR CAPITAL OF HUNGARY ON THE RIVER DANUBE, which has now been occupied in characteristic military-Gestapo fashion by the Germans, in the face of the growing threat of the Russians. The city consists of the two towns of Buda and Pesth, on the west and east banks. The view shows the capital as seen from the north, looking southwards down the River Danube—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



A MAP OF THE CITY OF BUCHAREST, capital of Rumania, now in German hands after the country's occupation by the Nazis. The network of railway communications which form an almost complete circle around the capital has always been a distinctive feature of this Balkan country

Budapest lies on both banks of the River Danube, half on high ground to the west, half on low ground to the east. It is the capital city of the Hungarians, or Magyars, who are neither German nor Slav in origin, but may be described as Christianised Turks who rode into Europe on horseback by a route north of the Black Sea. The city has an impressive river frontage of stately buildings, with outlying industrial suburbs. Budapest was occupied by German military units with dramatic suddenness; no military precautions appeared to have been made by the Hungarian High Command.

The Occupation of Rumania:

The formal occupation of Rumania was announced on March 23. This did not make such a change as in Hungary, as Rumania had been held down by the presence of large numbers of Nazi troops ever since the abdication of King Carol. Bucharest had long become accustomed to German officers occupying the hotels, and to the passage of troops come to instruct the Rumanian Army. Though Antonescu, the leader of Rumania, owed his rise to power to Hitler, he was not thought powerful enough to control his countrymen, who were bitterly sore over the loss of Transylvania.

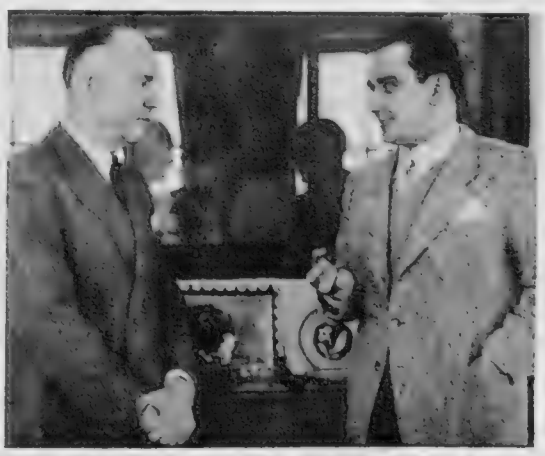
The rich oil-wells of Rumania, of which Ploesti is the centre, are far too important to Germany to be relinquished. A third of the Reich oil supplies have come from Rumania, the loss of which would seriously cripple Germany's military operations. Other necessary metals, such as mica, together with the 2,000,000 tons of wheat supplied annually, made Rumania a vital part of Germany's economic life.

The Rumanian Army is much larger than the Hungarian, is better equipped and has had much battle experience. It fought well in Russia, but suffered terribly heavy losses, and is now said to be very willing to surrender. The people are weary of the war, and there is great danger to the German hope of holding the Carpathians if the Russian announcement that the Soviet Government have no intention of seizing territory or of altering the form of Government is fully trusted. There is little time for consideration, as the Russians are at the door, and the German troops are holding the whole of Rumania, while the retreating Nazi army forcibly pushed out of Russia will soon be added to their number. Budapest, now a centre of German activity, has just been bombed by the Allies, causing panic in the city.

WHEN HORTHY WAS AN HONOURED GUEST, not a puppet ruler. With the Führer during a visit to Heligoland. Admiral Horthy is second from the left, alongside Hitler

A CENTRAL EUROPEAN QUISLING: Father Tiso, the Slovak leader, at Hitler's headquarters for "discussions about the questions of the European fight for freedom against Bolshevism"

AN APPREHENSIVE ANTONESCU WITH HIS MASTER. A picture taken during one of the many visits paid by the Rumanian Premier to Hitler's headquarters in Germany



THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS BROTHER. Marshal Antonescu (on left) and his brother, the Deputy Prime Minister, Mihail Antonescu, conferring before visiting Hitler

THE ANTI-RUSSIAN MANNERHEIM: One of the principal figures in Finland to-day, and C.-in-C. of the Finnish Army. Marshal Mannerheim is here seen with Hitler and General Keitel

GETTING BACK to a CIVILISED WAY of LIFE

The Outlook for the Connoisseur of Wines and Liqueurs when Imports begin to Flow in Again After the War

By CHARLES GRAVES

WHAT are we going to drink after the war? In an escapist mood I have been looking through *The Price of Pleasure*, a book I wrote in 1934, and came across the following additions to his wine cellar made that year by a connection of mine:—10 dozen Port, Croft 1922, at 74s., £37; 10 dozen Port, Dow 1924, at 72s., £36; 10 dozen Port, Cockburn 1927, at 72s., £36; 10 dozen Port, Graham 1927, at 60s., £30; 10 dozen Port, Fonseca 1927, at 60s., £30. 5 doz. Champagne, Pol Roger 1921, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Moet 1921, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Heidsieck D.M. 1921, at 160s., £40; 5 dozen Champagne, Pommery 1921, at 162s., £40 10s.; 5 dozen Champagne, Perrier-Jouet 1923, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Clicquot 1923, at 154s., £38 10s. 2 dozen Hock, Johannisberger Auslese 1921, at 132s., £13 4s.; 1 dozen Hock, Forster Jesuitengarten, at 138s., £6 18s.; 5 dozen Hock, Liebfraumilch Nibelungen Krone Riesling Auslese 1925, at 120s., £30. 2 dozen Moselle, Graacher Himmelreich Auslese 1925, at 126s., £12 12s.; 3 dozen Moselle, Scharzberger Feine Auslese 1921, at 144s., £21 12s. 2 dozen Brandy, 60 years old Liqueur, at 312s., £31 4s. 4 dozen Burgundy, Pommard, at 54s., £10 16s.; 2 dozen Burgundy, Clos de Tart 1923, at 108s., £10 16s.; 7 dozen Burgundy, Clos de Tart 1928, at 74s., £25 18s.: Total, £568.

Those were the good old days. What of the future? Personally, I should have thought that one's palate would have been so vitiated by the lower-quality cigarettes and tobacco which we now smoke; by the *ersatz* vermouths which we now drink; by the cheaper wines (if any) which are all that most of us can afford, that it will take years to learn to appreciate the good things of life once again. Perhaps this is just as well. I am assured that if Germany surrendered and the German troops left France to-morrow without scorching any earth or doing any more looting, the French could not produce anything but common or garden wines for years.

Actually, at the Fighting French Headquarters, I was told that very little information is available on the subject of wines and spirits in France. It is known, however, that the Germans are proposing to ensure that more wine is made in France this year than ever before, in spite of the scarcity of copper sulphate, fertilisers, American vine graftings, Memel oak casks, glass bottles, and corks. This is done in no spirit of philanthropy. A very large percentage of the wines produced will be turned into industrial alcohol, and the bulk of the rest will be destined for the consumption of German troops and German civilians.

Some optimists hope that the French have hidden vast stores of wines and spirits in secret caches, but realists believe that it would be impossible for these to remain undetected after four years of German occupation. At least, however, the rumour that the Champagne vineyards were being dug up for the planting of potatoes appears to be incorrect. But I imagine that the occupation of North Africa by the British and Americans will have upset many of the wine merchants in Bordeaux who used a certain amount of Algerian wine to blend with their own.

Generally speaking, of course, the question of what we will be able to import from the Continent in the way of wines and liqueurs will depend very largely on how far the Germans devastate the countries through which they ultimately retreat. The exceptions are Spain and Portugal, where vast stocks of sherry and port must have been accumulating for a long time. Nineteen-thirty-five saw the last port vintage shipped to this country. On the other hand, the Americans have been buying quantities of fortified wines from Spain and Portugal to eke out their own dwindling stocks of gin and whisky.

Incidentally, American wines, mostly grown in California, are said to be improving fast, and friends of mine back from the United States, say that some of them compare very favourably with ordinary French table wines.

There seems no good reason why Vodka and Kummel should not come to this country in considerable quantities after the war; but the position of Holland, which had earned the reputation of being able to distil liqueurs, naturally depends on the course of the war. Curacao, cherry brandy, and creme de menthe of Dutch origin were all excellent. Swiss wines have never travelled really successfully, so Switzerland's neutrality will only benefit people who travel there after the war.

What about German wines? After the last war the British rapidly forgot their animosity and imported large quantities of Rhine and Moselle wines, particularly the famous 1921 vintage. I am told, however, that English shippers of pre-war German wines feel that after this war memories will be longer, and there may be a positive boycott of German wines, if only to prevent English currency being used by Hitler's successors to build up another war machine. At least one of these English firms is acquiring agencies for South African wines.

There is no doubt that Empire wines and spirits from South Africa and Australia will have a marvellous chance after the war. If Hitler has done nothing else, he has brought the Empire closer together than ever before, and if the Government decides to make the preferential treatment of Empire wines and spirits even more preferential than before, Australian and South African wine-growers have a very rosy future. The only danger is that the Australian shippers should repeat their mistake after the last war and dump over here any wine, however green. It is a fact that vast quantities of South African brandy shipped over here just after the last war had to be used for motor spirit. As for some of the Empire wines, they were of such poor quality that they gave such a bad name to the products of the Australian and South African vineyards, that it has only been in the past four or five years that the British public, with the best will in the world, could bring themselves to try them out again. (Van der Humm was one of the very few Empire products which enjoyed a real popularity in this country.) Since then the South African wine farmers, as they call themselves, have had the sense to form a strong association which aims at raising the standard quality of all their wines and spirits.

Recently I have tasted South African sherries, which were excellent, and South African brandy, which also was exceedingly drinkable. Their hock types and burgundy and claret types are also improving fast. Some of the Australian burgundies are good sound table wines. I have never tried Australian sherry, but a friend of mine in Australia has sent me a list of four or five firms which, in his opinion, supply excellent sherries, rieslings, vermouth, and burgundy. Australian rum is a trifle fiery, but some of the Australian sauternes (if you like sauternes, which I do not) are first-class. A sample shipment of Tasmanian liqueurs has just arrived in this country. If the verdict is satisfactory, they will make a bold bid for popularity. As time goes on, no doubt the Australian and South African wine-growers will have acquired enough money to be able to nominate vintages like the wine-growers of France and Germany.

Speaking generally, it looks as though South Africa and Australia will have a splendid chance of making their wines a habit with the British during the next ten years, and that if they avoid making cheap, quick profits directly after the war, they will to a large extent succeed in warding off the ultimate rivalry from France and Germany when the vineyards of those countries have been restored to their pre-war quality of production.

In the meantime, the scarcity of wood for casks, corks, and shipping facilities will have a highly retarding effect on wines and spirits from the Continent. And until the Government permits English currency to be used for private purchases abroad, there can be no question of any imports. There are, naturally, still stocks of wines and spirits which were not blitzed in the warehouses in the City and on the banks of the Thames. There is at least one big catering firm which still has huge stocks of wines, and many shippers have put away 1933 and 1934 French vintage wines until the 100 per cent. E.P.T. is reduced. The big whisky distillers, too, have large quantities of whisky even though distillation of malts was cut to one-third in 1941 and 1942, and all distillation both of malts and grain was forbidden last year and this.

By the way, it is easy to win a bet off an unsuspecting person on the subject of gin. The bulk of gin which is now being drunk is not gin as most people know it, it is really rum—being rectified molasses spirit (with the usual additions of juniper, coriander, and so on).

It has often surprised me that here in England so little cherry brandy and sloe gin are distilled; and one would have thought that down in Devonshire or Somerset the cider people might easily have produced Calvados. Until the last few years only Drambuie could rank as a real home-made liqueur. After the outbreak of war there were various attempts at making English Kummel. But these, apparently, soon came to an end when the supply of sugar was restricted.

The brewers have not shown much enterprise. Liqueur beer such as I have tasted at All Souls' and Queen's College, Oxford, might easily have become popular with the class of people who drank Chartreuse, Grand Marnier, and Benedictine. Presumably, the cost of production did not make it worth while in peacetime; but to-day, when prices are so high all round, it ought to be worth while experimenting.

There seems little doubt that we will all be many years older before we can drink any of the wines and spirits equivalent in quality (quite apart from price) to those in the list I have given. But for those who can afford it, there should at least be good stocks of sherry and port, as well as excellent table wines from the Empire—provided always that the Government shows a little leniency to the wines and spirits trade, whose foresight has enabled us to keep cheerful through some very trying times.

BACK TO THE "OLD DAYS" IN SURREY. It may be a backward step—but both passengers and conductor enjoy it! This two-horsed vehicle used to be well known around Clapham many years ago: to-day it plies between Chessington Station and the Zoo near by. Now that the roads are free of motor vehicles the bus can run at a really spanking pace

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

UNUSUAL WORK for the WAAF and the WRNS

ANOTHER NEW OCCUPATION FOR THE W.A.A.F.—AS PHOTOGRAPHERS. First-stage instruction at the School of Photography: A.C.W. Grace Jennings (ex-clerk) and A.C.W. Ann Pryde (ex-cine operator) practise with stand cameras

TWO WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE W.A.A.F. LEARN TO PHOTOGRAPH STILL OBJECTS: Many airwomen are now being trained to take the place of R.A.F. photographers; they are drawn from personnel who can be freed from other W.A.A.F. trades, and they thus release male personnel for other and more important duties. The course at the School of Photography includes the use of both ground and air cameras, the developing of negatives, contact printing and enlarging, etc. Much of the work of the W.A.A.F. photographers consists of attending to automatic processing machines, as in all Photographic Units of the R.A.F. the work of processing has been mechanised to a very high degree

A.C.W. CONNIE HAMMETT (A FORMER HAIRDRESSER) and Corporal Doris Ellyard (a former shop assistant) practising with two of the medium-sized R.A.F. air cameras during training

W.R.N.S. BOARDING OFFICERS WITH THE NAVAL CONTROL SERVICE: Lieut.-Commander Tetley, R.N.R., Convoy Officer, explaining the day's duties to one of the women boarding officers in his shore office

AT 9.30 A BOARDING OFFICER LEAVES THE DRIFTER to board her first ship. After visiting six of them in the Channel, she does not return to the Naval Control Office till four o'clock in the afternoon

One of the lesser-known duties being carried out by the W.R.N.S. is that of boarding officer. When a merchantman arrives in convoy at a port, she is boarded by one of the Wren officers who have been specially trained for their work. These officers are all young, agile, very fit and fond of the outdoor life—as their duties may take them some miles out in drifters or launches in all weather. After their selection for the work, they take an eight-weeks course in navigation, chart work, identification signals, confidential books, ciphering and coding, routeing (ocean and coastal) and secretarial work. The masters of the merchant ships are of many nationalities, and the Wren boarding officers must be able to use tact and common sense in dealing with these men who have been sailing the Seven Seas for many years

A W.R.N.S. BOARDING OFFICER in the cabin of Captain A. Price, of the Merchant Navy, discussing sailing orders and routeing for the convoy

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

OLD Creevey Again.—Thomas Creevey, the Whig politician, gossip-writer and placeman, who came suddenly to life again in 1903, after half a century of total oblivion, has been one of the hobbies of my life. Even after 1903, when Sir Herbert Maxwell published two volumes from his papers which had lain hidden and forgotten in a Northumberland attic for near seventy years, nothing was made known about the *man*, though the fashionable world was once more set chuckling and enthralled by his letters.

It was my good fortune and delight, thirty years later still, to read through again the many million words of his literary remains, to publish some more of the cream, and to unravel with much help (chiefly from Liverpool) the tangled, elusive strands of his origins and personal life.

And from time to time I have published these discoveries—for the best of them emerged *after* the publication of the last edition of my supplementary volume. And usually I concluded with a note that *that* was positively the last I should ever write about Thomas Creevey! But was I sober when I swore? It seems *not*. The House of Murray has now to confess that Creevey is out of print. Of Sir Herbert's *Creevey Papers* (of any edition) no copy remains, of my *Creevey's Life and Times* there remain about a dozen copies of the last edition.

But old Creevey has become in his way a classic. Like Greville, he falls to be consulted by political and social historians. The paper shortage must long prevent any republication of the original books. But the House of Murray feels that Creevey in an "omnibus" form in one handy volume ought to be made available to the public as soon as may be after the war, if and when paper and other restrictions are removed. And I have been provisionally invited to prepare the way for such a volume. I did not hesitate about my answer. I was too glad to have one more creative object and project in view after five destructive, dismal years. I have grown old with old Creevey, and am too much attached to him and to his times to resist the lure, even though the prospect may be dim and distant. But if an "omnibus Creevey" is to justify itself, the skimming of the cream of the cream must be shrewdly done, and accuracy must be the aim. Every biographer of experience knows that no biography is *ever* final or definitive. The most anxious research misses some of the truth. The truth will out—but reluctantly. A biographer cannot obtain a search warrant to search *all* attics or a tithe of human memories, and it is the interest which a new biography awakens, which makes that biography instantly out-of-date by bringing forth new facts and corrections from hidden sources or forgotten cupboards.

Now, I have filed and noted perhaps sixty corrections from the three published volumes, together with scores of new facts. But I am not so foolish as to suppose that I have reached finality in knowledge or accuracy of relevant facts.

An Appeal to Creeveyites.—This article therefore is an appeal to intelligent readers and lovers of Creevey to take their volumes down and examine them for marginal corrections, and to be so good as to let me know of any errors they have detected in either publication.

But that is not the sum of my appeal to Creeveyites. If the three published volumes are to be compressed into one, a drastic editing and selection will be necessary. While I am convinced that the social historian must be catered for *pari passu* with the political—for Creevey's *sidelights* on country-house life are not less valuable than his sidelights on Waterloo or on the miracle of Liverpool's long survival in power—the task of selecting the chief political events of Creevey's time, and his comments thereon, cannot fail to be difficult and contentious. Cutting must be attempted. What to cut? On that point, I should value guidance, also.

At the moment, I can feel certain of only one such event fully justifying the blue pencil—the trial of Queen Caroline. I feel we have had enough of this dingy event in English history. I feel that all too much has been written about it by gossip and by serious historians. I think we can safely and beneficially cut out much of Queen Caroline's trial, even though Brougham must still play a leading role in our cast. What other among the chief political events of Creevey's day shall be sacrificed with a firm blue pencilling of his comments thereon?

An Invitation to Sleuths in Liverpool.—I have mentioned my debt to volunteer research workers from Liverpool, Creevey's home city. From them I have obtained considerable light on his origins and on the Creevey family and circle, derived from Liverpool registers and from the Creevey-Currie correspondence in the Archives of the Public Library. I am still anxious to discover the Christian name of his sister. In the only letter of hers I came across, she signed herself "J. Creevey."

She lived and died at Edge Hill, Liverpool, and must have been buried at or near Edge Hill on August 5, 1836, and her burial may be recorded in the register of the parish church which she attended. The entry should reveal both her age and her Christian name. If this *should* catch the eye of the present incumbent or parish clerk . . . I thank him in advance!

She was buried "by the Vicar of Crosby about seven or eight miles off." But it appears that he "came in" for the funeral, being a relative of the deceased, and the burial was probably in Liverpool, in the parish in which Edge Hill is situated. And if it come to that, I should welcome a copy of Creevey's birth record from the Parish Church which served the Old Blue Coat School Lane. He was born on March 13, 1768. I fancy Creevey was the last male of his name and family in Liverpool. We shall probably never know beyond doubt whether his father was the slaver-captain, William Creevey, or young Lord Molyneux (1st Earl of Sefton), as tradition declares.

I have plenty of information about the Captain. Very little about his mother, who died in Liverpool as Mrs. Lowe on February 29, 1812, and I believe the Creevey-Currie correspondence—which I have not read—throws not much light on her.

I have now a mass of information about Creevey's public-private school—the famous Newcome's School at Hackney. When he left that establishment and went to Cambridge, his career comes much more under the light of day, and there are no great gaps or mysteries until his death in 1838.

The last mystery concerns the woman who became his mistress at the end of his life, Mrs. Emma Murray. To her, according to his will, he bequeathed his effects. According to Greville, those effects included a scandalous diary which Brougham took hasty steps to buy off the lady and to suppress or destroy. That diary, if it ever existed, has never come to light. His "papers" are his letters to his step-daughter, Miss Ord, principally, and those uncountable bundles were at his death safely in Miss Ord's keeping.

I have no hopes of that diary coming to light. If it did, it would be a Recording Angel's notebook with a vengeance. But Brougham was no fool, and if it ever existed, he would have put it out of harm's way. Creevey knew too much about Brougham's wicked shifts.

Well then, there it is! If Creeveyites in London, Liverpool, Hackney, Thetford, Cambridge, and in the country-houses of England and Ireland (once lived in by Whig noblemen and still in commission), in short, in all the corners of these islands still haunted by the ghost of old Creevey, will find an unforgiving minute in their mortgaged hours and seek escape from war for a brief space by searching their cupboards and bookshelves, their memories and registers, for Creeveiana and new facts, I shall be grateful, and will acknowledge my gratitude in permanent form—one day. I like to toy with the idea that *someone alive to-day* could tell me, if he would, whether romance led young Molyneux to visit Old School Lane in 1767; whether the lawyer Vizard retained papers of Creevey in his tin boxes after 1838, and what firm of solicitors to-day embodies the old firm of Vizard, of Lincoln's Inn; and who was the fair and frail Emma Murray who smoothed Creevey's pillow in his last days, and what became of her. These (and many more) loose ends I would like to gather up. It will break my heart if nobody responds!

THE OPENING of the SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at STRATFORD-ON-AVON

A SCENE FROM "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW": Christopher Sly is played by Mr. Raymond Rollett (in centre); Mr. David Read (on left) takes the part of a Lord; and Mr. C. Rivers Gadsby that of a Page (on right)

MR. ROBERT ATKINS DIRECTING A FINAL REHEARSAL: Katherine (Miss Patricia Jessel—on left) and Bianca (Miss Mary Honer—on right)

The Shakespeare Festival opened at Stratford-on-Avon a fortnight ago, under a new Director, Mr. Robert Atkins. His aim is avowedly to achieve variety in production. He has had the big apron stage of the Memorial Theatre raised to the level of the main stage and eminent scenic artists have designed the sets: he has ruled that, as the plays are "intimate," they should be played as close to the audience as possible

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

SINCE returning to theatre-going after many painful weeks in hospital through being struck down by a taxi, I have been struck also by many far more pleasant things. One is the shrewdness and general capacity of those who present, produce, etc., the majority of the large-scale musical shows which have recently appeared. The difficulties nowadays must be incredible. Yet one nearly always sees elaborate scenery and pretty costumes (with pretty girls to wear 'em) and hears a large and efficient orchestra. Take, particularly, the case of *The Lilac Domino* (His Majesty's).—This I enjoyed far more than the original production of four-and-twenty years ago. (The reverse is usually the case.) The piece is far from being a masterpiece, but when handled as Jack Hylton has handled it, it becomes a mighty pleasant entertainment, which I can recommend. Miss Pat Taylor is the best leading lady for this sort of thing I have seen for a long while; she has charm, a lovely singing voice, and she can act.

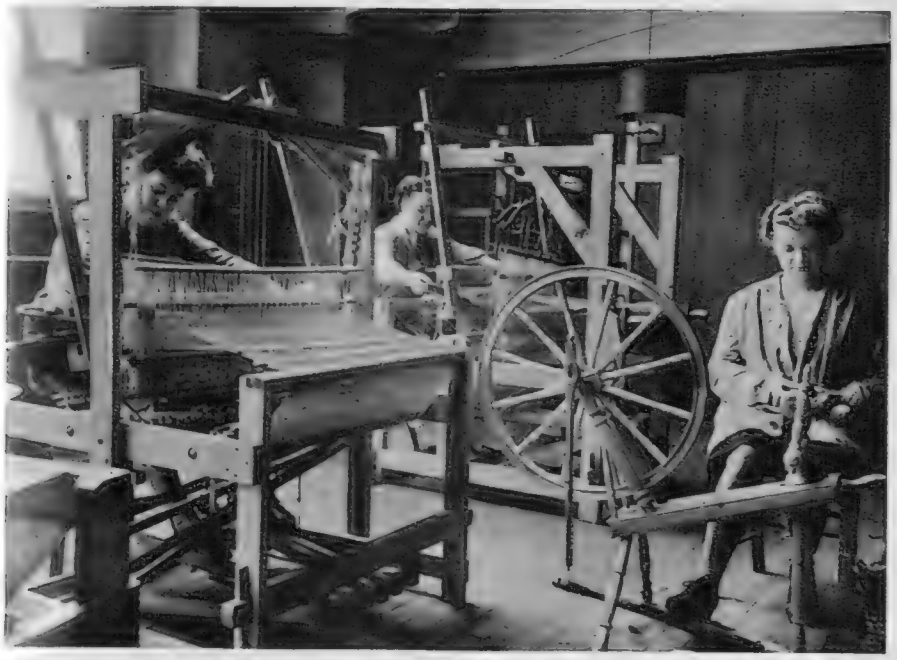
Meet Me Victoria (Victoria Palace).—This is another good musical, but a new and funnier one. It is largely the work of Mr. Lupino Lane, who clowns brilliantly throughout as a semi-pathetic railway porter, and it will surely "send him victorious." As a play it is a wild piece of extravagant nonsense, but the nonsense is consistently amusing. Miss Dorothy Ward is in her best pantomime-principal-boy form, and is quite delightful. Miss Phyllis Robins has an attractively sly sense of humour and can sing, dance and act. Mr. Lauri Lupino Lane, one of the younger generation of this famous family, knows his job—and a bit more.

One Room (Apollo Theatre).—And now we come to economy in far too wide a sense. A farce which has only one set of scenery and only four people in the cast, as is the case here, is quite permissible. But the economy must not apply to a sparing dose of humour. A delicious performance by Miss Winifred Shotter, who must have thought nostalgically of the old days at the Aldwych.

Royal Majestic Circus (Stoll Theatre).—When before the last war I saw at what was then the London Opera House (with a stone bust of Oscar Hammerstein over the stalls entrance) Charpentier's superb opera of Paris, *Louise*, I little thought that a day would come when I should attend a circus there. But this is on the royal and majestic and even grand-operatic scale, with graceful ponies, performing dogs, monkeys, geese, etc., and a sea-lion who is a born comedian. The human clowns are, strangely enough, laughter-makers in this case. In fact, they are almost as funny as the sea-lion.

TWO LAKELAND FARMS FOR THE NATION: A picture of Millbeck Farm, Great Langdale, with the Langdale Pikes providing an impressive background. The Master of Trinity, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., has given to the National Trust his two farms, Millbeck and Harry Place, in Great Langdale, Westmorland, with a total area of 289 acres. The Trust already owns the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel and three farms at the head of the valley, thanks almost entirely to Dr. Trevelyan's earlier generosity. This addition of two typical Lakeland farms in important positions lower down towards Chapel Stile will contribute most valuably towards the consolidation of the Trust's property in the valley. Millbeck Farm includes part of the lower slopes of the Langdale Pikes and the paths which lead up to it

PICTURES OF HOME INTEREST



SCOTLAND REVIVES AN ANCIENT CRAFT—HAND-LOOM WEAVING: Different stages of work are here seen in progress, with hand-looms and spinning-wheels being operated by craftswomen at the Glasgow Polytechnic

JUST LIKE THE EARLY DAYS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A Glasgow woman at work on the spinning-wheel. In Scotland's industrial capital—Glasgow—the ancient craft of hand-loom weaving has recently been revived. Apart from preventing the art from becoming entirely lost, a widespread use of the hand-loom will help the strain on machinery difficult to replace in wartime. Also, new and interesting materials are evolved which show the originality of the individual and echo something of the times. The Glasgow Polytechnic has thrown itself whole-heartedly into the new art of hand-loom weaving

A SCENE WHICH HAS BEEN ENACTED FOR THE PAST 250 YEARS: Villagers attempting to get a glimpse of the proceedings through the closed curtains of Ye Olde Poppe Inn at Tatsworth

THE SCENE AT THE SECRET AUCTION BY CANDLELIGHT AT TATSWORTH. As the candle nears its end the twelve members of the Stowell Court make their bids. Fred Hayball (at the left at back) made the last bid of £14 2s. 6d.; next to him is George Stokes, the chairman; standing on the right is Eddie House, landlord of the inn. In the changing light of one flickering candle, twelve men sat in a room of the Poppe Inn, Tatsworth, near Chard, in Somerset—as men have sat every year for 250 years—taking part in Britain's queerest auction. Each man wanted possession for the next twelve months of seven acres of grassland with a valuable watercress crop. And one inch of tallow candle ruled them. It stood on a square of board that has been the auction table through all the years. The man who made the last bid before it guttered out got the bargain

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

RESCUING NAPOLEON BY SUBMARINE

A Novel Incident in Vaughan Wilkins' New Story; The New World Through Young Eyes; A Convoy in Northern Waters; Crime and Detection

MR. VAUGHAN WILKINS' new novel made me long for a week's holiday in a luxurious country hotel. Not because there is anything exhausting about it—even its length is never wearisome—but because it is exactly the kind of novel, rich in incident and remote in period, which seems to demand hours of pleasant and concentrated reading, interrupted at suitable intervals by the eating of large meals, faultlessly served and cooked by somebody else.

No such luck was mine. I read it with a thousand un-culinary interruptions, with telephones ringing and with all the demands of a normally busy life crowding in on me. And I still think it is a delightful and satisfying book, entertaining and stimulating in

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND: Lord Catto, who has been elected by the Court of Directors to succeed Mr. Montagu Norman, who has resigned on medical advice after his recent illness

equal proportions. BEING MET TOGETHER (Cape. 10s. 6d.) covers in time the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth, and in space Virginia, the South of France, Paris, London and St. Helena.

It is, however, and despite the implications of that last place-name, by no means a Napoleonic novel. The focus is on a young American, one Anthony Purvis, who is the only surviving male of his family, and who is brought up with a deliberately-instilled hatred of the English. As a child, Anthony crosses to France with Grandmother Purvis, and there they settle in a large household composed of an apparently renegade Englishman, a relative of his, and this lady's daughter, Garland, who becomes Anthony's playmate.

The only barrier between Garland and Anthony, as they grow up, is Garland's love for England, and this finally separates them, Garland going to England to marry, and Anthony marrying a beautiful young courtesan, and remaining in France, where he joins the staff of the Corsican Bonaparte. Later he becomes a prisoner of war in England, and eventually organises an attempt at rescuing Napoleon from the island of St. Helena—by submarine!

That submarine, evidently one of the first of its kind, and its building and its trial trips, are only one of a number of sub-themes with which the story is embroidered, all of them having a logical and balanced part in the wider pattern, and supporting the main theme of politics and love. Or, more accurately, politics versus love. Each of the main characters—and there are no fewer than eight who carry the strands of the plot—is vitally drawn, and there is never a moment when the reader's interest is confused, although he may be up to his knees in Anglo-French intrigue, and in the vigorously expressed ideals of a democratic State.

In other words, this book comes under the heading of *tours de force*, and a very enjoyable example of this rare phenomenon.

Something New Has Been Added! shouts an advertisement. And something fresh has been added to all our library lists with a little autobiography whose resounding title utterly belies the charm of its contents. OVERTURE TO LIFE (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.) is the chronicle of an eighteen-year-old English boy, sent to the United States and to Canada for training as a fighter-pilot in the Fleet Air Arm.

The book grew from the series of letters which Mr. John Michael Townend had sent to his parents in England between January 1942 and May 1943, describing his life and his impressions of the New World, where he was learning to fly under the Empire Training Scheme. He was a very young sailor, ambitious to join the Fleet Air Arm, when he first arrived in Detroit and went from there to Pensacola, the great air-training station on the Gulf of Mexico, and he was little older when he returned to Canada to complete his training and emerge fully-fledged.

In his leaves, Mr. Townend visited Washington, Chicago and New York, and, very naturally, puts

THE CHARMING COUNTRY HOME OF THE NEW GOVERNOR—Holmdale, at Holmbury St. Mary, in Surrey. Lord Catto is known locally as "The Squire"

down his experiences there in the greatest detail for his family to read. His narrative is lively, fresh and endearingly pompous. It includes entertaining notes on an all-coloured cabaret, hitch-hiking, a Willkie meeting, open-air cinemas and minute accounts of such things as how train tickets are collected in America, how the drugstore differs from the chemist, how to get a shoeshine, and so forth.

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense"; this inexperienced young man has keener eyes and ears than many an older and more widely-travelled voyager. Here are two countries seen through young, unjaded, but not uncritical, eyes. The result is infinitely refreshing; perhaps not champagne, but the freshest and most sparkling apple cider.

DYNAMITE CARGO (Cassell. 5s.) is the story of a convoy from the United States to Russia written by Mr. Fred Herman, one of the American merchant seamen who sailed in it. "Compared with the cool professionalism of the British Navy at sea, we bums may not have looked so admirable. . . . We were just amateurs at war. We don't claim to be heroes. We are the bums. But we deliver the cargoes."

To this statement of his might be added the fact that one has heard of few British sailors claiming to be heroes, and that British merchant seamen have also played some small part in the delivery of Murmansk—and every kind of other—convoys. But, that necessary adjustment made, one may settle down to get the best out of the book, and its laconic account of the terrible dangers of the Northern route.

The incident that I will remember out of the many is not the first-hand description of gun-fire and bombing, but the report of it, coming to the survivors from another ship who are below decks, through a loudspeaker, and in the nonchalant, cheerful, adolescent voice of a very junior lieutenant, who reports devastating action amid shattering noises off.

Miss Madeleine Carroll has written a foreword, and any apparent irrelevance is explained by the note on her being "Special Representative" to the United Seamen's Service.

A clear head, good eyes and a bloodhound determination to follow every clue are needed for the enjoyment of Mr. Michael Innes' new detective story. It is fantastically ingenious, impossible of solution, if you except wild guesses—and every right-thinking reader *will*, I hope, except them—and very enjoyable to the vast number of mystery *cognescenti*.

The first paragraph of THE WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) gives you the clue, if not to the murder at least to its setting.

"It was soon apparent," Mr. Innes begins amiably, "that Pluckrose had been murdered. A brief inspection of the corpse suggested that the only other possibility was what lawyers call an Act of God—and that of the kind which patently violates Natural Law. Of those concerned perhaps only Professor Prisk considered the fatality so felicitous as to make this explanation plausible. And yet between Prisk and Pluckrose there was, so far as was generally known, no deep-seated occasion of malice. Simply, these two had been required to share a telephone. Such are the antipathies of the cloisters."

Universities and places of learning in general have become fictionally fashionable lately. Nothing short of murder in the Senior Common Room and suicide in the porter's lodge satisfies authors of detective stories who want to keep a little ahead of the tide. Mr. Innes has evidently felt the fascination of the same locale, though he has added a few unforeseen trimmings to it.

His victim, for instance, is apparently killed by having a meteorite dropped on him, but is in fact and in deed pulverised by a trip-hammer, neither of which fates can be described as exactly banal. A pleasant and subtle-minded detective from New Scotland Yard takes charge of the investigation, and is in himself an agreeable change from the now classic, brighter-than-life amateur. The only aspect of the book which is entirely expected is that this Mr. Appleby solves the mystery, after which one supposes he strolls in and out of Hampton Court maze just to relax himself.

Mr. Innes writes with grace and a charming academic wit, and, as I have said, I can heartily recommend his book to the lucid of mind.

The tempo of crime and detection slows down considerably in Mr. John Rhode's DEATH INVADES THE MEETING (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), which concerns the activities—nefarious is, I believe, the right adjective here—of certain members of an Invasion Committee in a small English village. The stage is well set for murders and muffled shrieks. But the pace is slow, the stage too crowded. I am not one of those who believe that English tempo is slower, either in literature or in entertainment, than the tempo of the same things in the United States. Our Tommy Handley, whose pace even bewildered such a brilliant

THE COMMANDO CHIEF'S WIFE WHO DIRECTS THE COMMANDO BENEVOLENT FUND: Mrs. Laycock is wife of Major-General Robert Laycock, of the Commandos. She directs the Women's Committee of the Commando Benevolent Fund, and works in the basement at Combined Operations Headquarters, while her husband occupies a more important office higher in the same building. Mrs. Laycock does not wear uniform, but on her green jumper she has the regimental buttons of the Blues, her husband's regiment. Before her marriage she was Miss Angela Dudley Ward: she is twenty-six and has two daughters and a son

comedian as the American Bob Hope, is an excellent proof to the contrary.

In the case of Mr. Rhode, who is the popular and established author of such entertaining books as *Men Die at Cyprus Lodge*, which measured up to the most exacting standards, this is obviously only a phase and a temporary change of method.

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CRIME!

ACCORDING to writers of crime stories, criminal detection is largely an art. So it may have been once, but today it is even more a matter of science, and chemistry is the chief branch of pure science on which it draws. The way of the poisoner, for example, is beset with many more perils than it was when the XIXth century public were regaled with the deductive triumphs of the fictitious Sherlock Holmes or shocked by the revelations of the Rugeley trial. Minute traces of the rarest poisons can nowadays be recognised infallibly and estimated accurately. Chemical and biochemical tests enable bloodstains to be readily identified, revealing the species of animal or the particular "blood-group" of human being from which the blood came, and thus narrowing down and simplifying the work of the detectives. The chemist is often able to add precision to evidence which may in itself be vague. For example, the presence of phosphorus in the sulphuric acid vat of a munitions works may lead to surmise as to the fate of a missing worker; but if chemical tests prove that the phosphorus content of the vat is within the normal limits of phosphorus content of the human body, surmise may approach certainty. The research chemist, aided by the resources of the chemical industry, has also devised means of reading the writing on charred letters and documents: of unmasking forgeries in manuscripts and reputed "old masters"; of detecting adulterants in food and drink; and of analysing the most complex nostrums which are still bought by the more gullible. The role of the chemist is protective as well as constructive, and the public should appreciate the part that chemistry plays in helping the incomparable British police force to prove the innocence of the guiltless and bring the guilty to justice.

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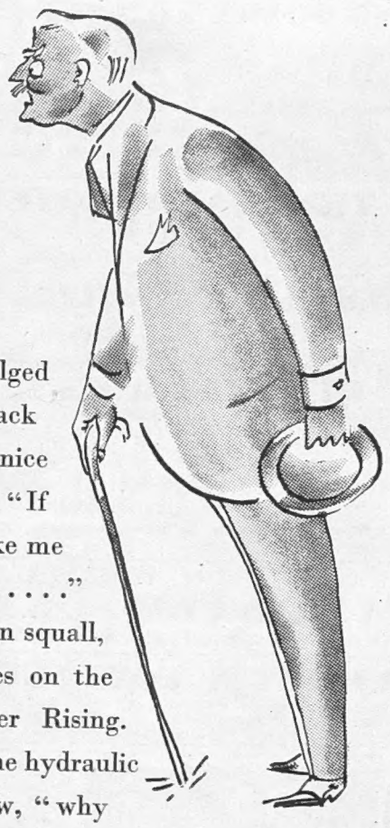

The colonel's eyes bulged with emotion. The back of his neck took on a nice shade of rose madder. "If you're trying to make me lose my temper sir . . . . ." It had been a sudden squall, a few sharp exchanges on the origins of the Boxer Rising. "Why," murmured the hydraulic engineer at my elbow, "why is the colonel like an *J.V.* Pressure Controller?" "Give it up." "Because his moods are *Instantly Variable* and his language *Infinitely Variable*." Minus the moods and the language and plus an instant response to incredible variations of load, that's the general set-up of the *J.V.* Controller. That doesn't interest the colonel but later on its going to prove of enormous importance to his son, the shipbuilder and that nice nephew of his, the chemical refiner. Meanwhile, if you're interested, drop a line to The Bell Punch Company.

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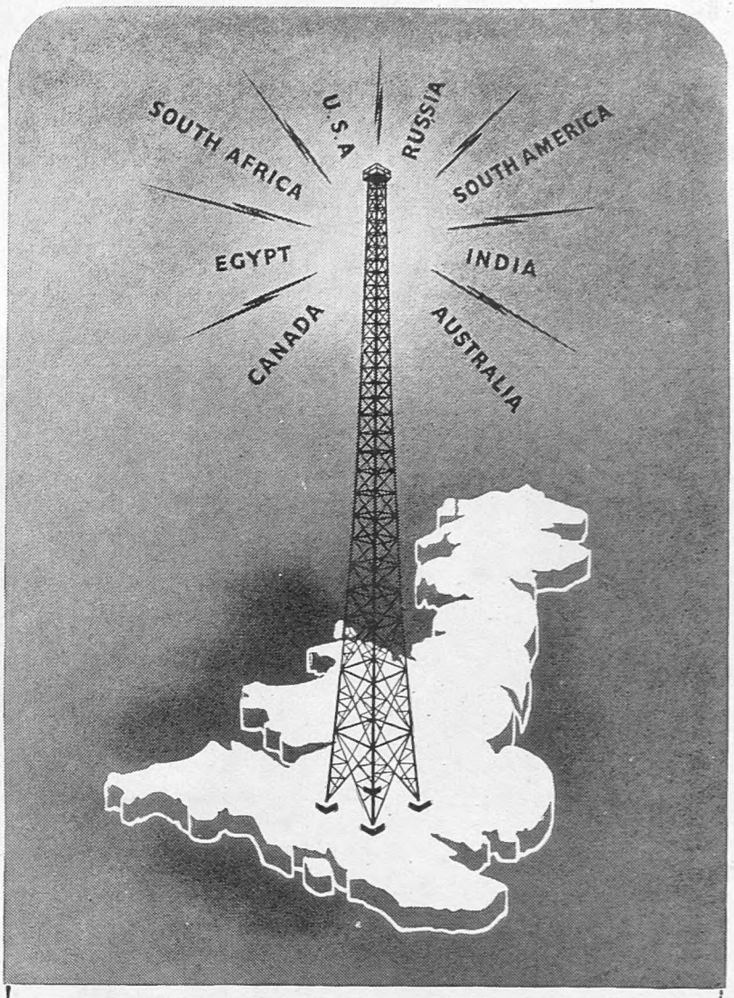

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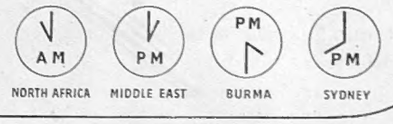

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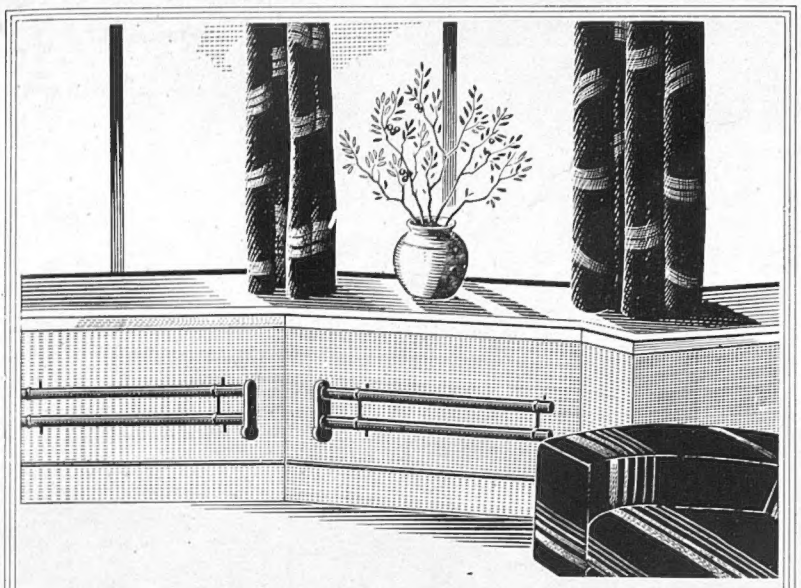

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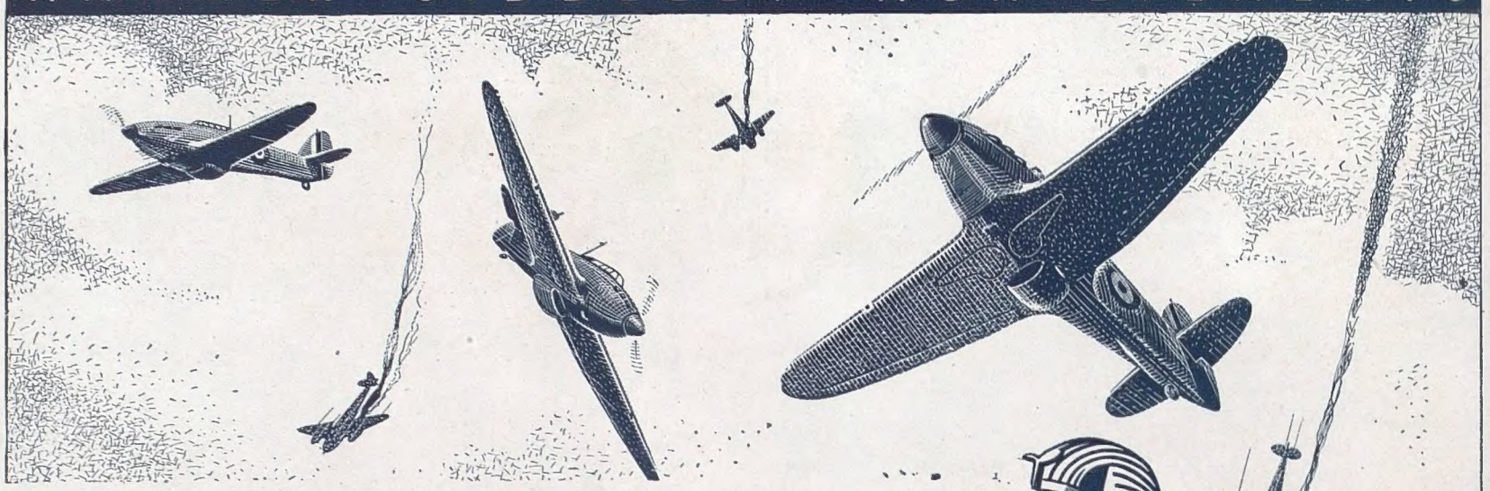

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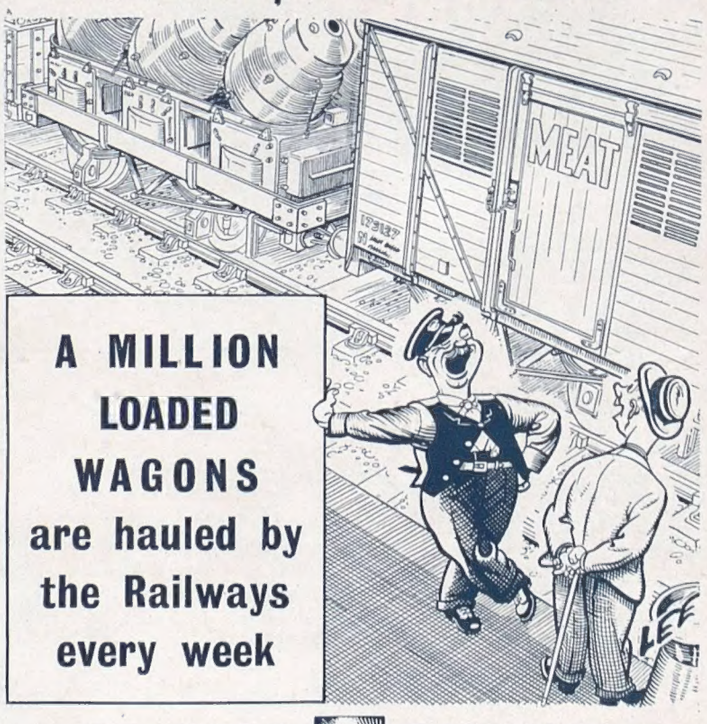

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